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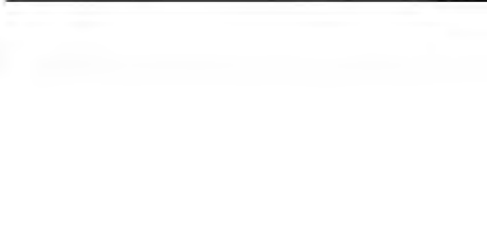
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*And the harp is not to be
 From the earth and the sea.*

SOCIAL
MELODIES:
COLLECTION OF HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF
AYER-MEETINGS, SABBATH-SCHOOLS
BIBLE-CLASSES AND FAMILIES.

BY C. C. BURR.

For never harp or lyre revealed
Such music as the heart can yield.

PORTLAND:
S. H. COLESWORTHY:
BOSTON:
B. B. MUSSEY:
1841.

S.C.R.

BV

450

1887

cop. 2

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render the work deserving of the approbation of those christians who delight to meet in so
and solemn worship. I have not sacrificed
the warmth and fervor of those old fashioned
prayer-meeting hymns, by attempting
give them the polish of more classic images
and of formal correctness. I have retained
their original form, except in a few instances
where the sentiment was objectionable; and
where I have detected effeminate sentimentality,
or gross awkwardness in the style, I
have ventured to make slight alterations.
But in every instance where alteration

all devoted -
be the means, and
chances of mortal life, of more
sections towards the Sovereign Dispense
every good, is my earnest prayer.

C. C. BURR.

PORTLAND, January, 1841.

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HYMNS FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF PRAISE-MEETINGS.

1. C. M. Miss H. M. WILLIAMS.

Evangelical Devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

B

17

Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

2. C. M. *H. K. WHITE.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a happy band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles will deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.
- 4 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!
- 5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine
A flock by Jesus led;

OF PRAISE-MEETINGS.

3

1 Sun of Holiness shall shine,
2 glory on our head.

C. M.

***COWPER.**

Retirement.

FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Envy wages still
Her most successful war.

1 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree:
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine!
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

The Same.

- 1 SHADES of evening! ye have cast
To the earth your woven pall,
And the night is coming fast
Over wood and waterfall.
- 2 Dimmer grows the dying light,
Though its beauty lingers yet;
Look!—upon the brow of night,
Like a gem, each star is set!
- 3 Bounteous Benefactor! thou
Hast preserved us through the day;
Humbly would we thank thee now,
As we kneel to praise and pray.
- 4 While the day of life shall last,
Guide us wheresoe'er we roam:
When the night of death is past,
Take us to thy heavenly home.

5. 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 Now from labor and from care,
Evening shades have set us free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, we would commune with thee;
O behold us from above,—
Fill us with a Saviour's love!

But the music of thy voice;
Thou hast made our cup run o'er—
Praise be thine for evermore!

- 3 For the blessings of this day—
For the mercies of this hour—
For the gospel's cheering ray—
For the Spirit's quickening power—
Grateful hearts to thee we raise,—
O accept our hymns of praise!

6. L. M. 6l. *ANONYMOUS.

Invoking the Father's Presence.

- 1 O FATHER,—draw us after thee!
So shall we run and never tire;
Thy presence still our comfort be,
Our hope, our joy, our sole desire—
Thy spirit —

7, 8 HYMNS FOR THE COMMENCEMENT

And when the storms of life shall cease,
O God! in that important hour,
In death as life be thou our guide,
And bear us through death's whelming tide.

7. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Love Divine.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.*
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

8. C. M. WATTS.

Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers.
*Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.*

In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

9. L. M. 6l. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! source of light,
Enlivening, consecrating fire!
Descend,—and, with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, condescending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts, O, strike a spark
Of that pure flame which seraphs feel;

10 HYMNS FOR THE COMMENCEMENT

Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumbed and stupid still.
Come, vivifying Spirit, come!
And make our hearts thy constant home.

- 3 Let pure devotion's fervors rise!
Let every pious passion glow!
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below.
Come, purifying Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home!

10. S. M. *E. TAYLOR.

House of Prayer.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
O ye afflicted, come:
The God of peace shall meet you there—
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love:
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb'
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 *Ye young, before his throne,*
Come, bow; your voices raise;
24

Let not your hearts His praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all—
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—

Lift up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

6s, 6s & 4s M. ANONYMOUS.

Invocation.

1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing—
Help us to praise.

Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou eternal Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend.

Come, and thy people bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

12 HYMNS FOR THE COMMENCEMENT

3 Be thou our comforter;
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour.
Omnipotent thou art :
O, rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power !

4 O Holy One! to thee
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

12. H. M. THOMAS'S COL.
Praise.

1 Ye tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise;
Ye holy throng of angels bright,
In worlds of light begin the song.

2 Let every heart unite
To sound his praise divine;
His truth and love and light,
Can never know decline;
*Wide as he reigns, his name be sung
By every tongue, in joyous strains.*

I seas,

2 Enlighten every mind,
Fill every heart with grace;
May every spirit find
That God is in the place:
Then to his name a song we'll raise,
And every note shall swell with praise

3 Hark! hark! 'tis Jesus's voice;
O, listen to his word;
He says, Ye saints, rejoice,
For all your prayers are heard:
Then to his name a song we'll raise,
And every note shall swell with praise

ung.

4 *Soon shall the Saviour give
Our souls their full desire;*

- 1 To THEE, O God, ...
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet I the brightest gems
Which deck the Eastern shores;
- 2 Nor that deluding, empty joy
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatness, with its pride and state,
My restless thoughts inflame;
- 3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms
My fond desires allure;
But nobler things than these, from thee,
My wishes would secure.
- 4 The faith and hope of joys to come
My best affections move,—
Thy light, thy favor, and thy smiles,
Thine everlasting love.

W A 7

15. C. P. M.
General Praise.

*I BEGIN, my soul, the lofty lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,*

... the glad'ning theme,
Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power;
Lo! on the lightning's rapid wings,
In triumph rides the King of kings;
Astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise,
To join the thunder of the skies;
Praise him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the reasoning head,
In heavenly praise employ:
Spread the Creator's name
Till heaven's

All fair with evening
Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.
How short the time, how soon the sun
Sets; and dark night resumes her reign:
And soon the hours of rest are done,
Then morrow brings the world again.
Yet will our journey not be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

SES OF PRAISE-MEETINGS.

I'll sit for ever viewing
mercy's streams in streams of blood
cious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
Gazing here I'd spend my breath;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death:

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my heart and eyes on thine,
Till I taste thy whole salvation,
Where unveiled thy glories shine!

18. H. M. ANONYMOUS
Prayer.

1 O LORD of glory! come,
And bless thy people here;
Our waiting minds illumine;
Our longing spirits cheer.
By thee in truth divinely blest,
In thee alone we seek a rest.

2 Thy gospel word display,
In all its holy light,
That here, in wisdom's way,
Thy people may unite.
We wait thy blessing from above;
O grant us thy refreshing love!

19 HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

3 And when we hence depart,
Thy spirit still bestow,
That so in every heart
Thy blessing we may know.
In thee alone we find a rest,
By thee alone divinely blest.

19. 1s & 6s M. ANONYMOUS.

Inspiration.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:

- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow; [*vi*
 There rocks, and hills, and brooks,
 With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God, the sun, forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.

C

33

Assurance of Heaven.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear, '
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engag
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come
 And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all,—
 'These shall I hate my weary sou'

And voices united the anth
And show forth his praises wi

2 Let praise to the Lord, who n
Let each grateful heart be g
'The God whom we worship
attend,
And view with complacen
we bring.

3 Be joyful ye saints, sustain
And let your glad songs aw
morn;
For those who obey him are s
His hand with salvation the n

4 Then praise ye the Lord—
song,
And let all his saints in fu
With voices united the anth
And show forth his praises wi

23.

P. M.

Our Friend.

1 ONE there is, above all oth
Well deserves the name
His is love beyond a brothe
Costly, free, and knows
'They who once his ki
Find it everlasting lov

engage,
d,
s rage,
world.

sluge, come,
w fall;
h my home,
en, my all,—

my weary soul
enly rest;
of trouble roll
aceful breast.

Is M. DODDRIDGE
Praise.

ord—prepare a new soc
ats in full concert join

4 HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

**2 Which, of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God :
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.**

**3 When he lived on earth ill-treated,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory seated,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.**

**4 O, for grace, our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, like him to love!
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But, when home our souls are bro
We will love thee as we ought.**

P. M.

ANONY

24.

Free Grace.

**1 THE voice of Free Grace
Cries, escape to the mountain
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath opened a founta
For sin and transgression
And every pollution;
His blood flows most sweet
In streams of ablation.**

at fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus's side
Flows plenteous redemption :
Though your sins were increased
As high as a mountain,
His blood it flows freely:
O come to this fountain.

3 O, Jesus, ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious;
Thy name shall be prais'd
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands
We will praise him evermore;
We'll range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever.

5. 8s & 7s M. *ANONYMOUS.
Prayer.

*LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come, and bid our jarrings cease;*

Hear the people mourn and weep,
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—few agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee.
Then we'll rush through what encumber
Over every hindrance leap,
Undismay'd by force or numbers;
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep

3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth,
Guide us, Lord, by thy good spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On the Gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord and Christ our Saviour;
O, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Come, O Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here,
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us
While our Shepherd is so near;
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap:
38

...ance of your salvation
Saying, Fear not, little flock;
I, myself, am your foundation,
You are built upon this rock.
Shun the path of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it's steep,
Look to me, and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep.
6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him we'll own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our souls inflame:
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory; he will keep,
He will clear your way before you;
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

6.

P M

In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become!
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
I taste and see the pardon free
For all mankind as well as me;
We come to Christ and live.

4 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus's ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

5 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne
Of Jesus Christ on high;
It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.

6 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;

*Jesus will lead his armies through
To living fountains where they flow
Which never will run dry.*

Here we shall reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the heavenly regions ring,
When all mankind get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon shall we meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

8 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there:
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

27. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

Emerald Gates.

1 BURST, ye em'rald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision,
All the extatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian;
Lo! we lift our longing eyes—
Break, ye intervening skies,
Son of Righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him:
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angelic trumps resound his fame,

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
"Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, holy One."

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us—
Join we too the holy lays—
Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song!
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue!
Sweetest carol ever sung!
Jesus—Jesus—flow along.

28. P. M. ANONYMOUS

Trust in Christ.

1 COME, and taste along with me
The weary pilgrim's consolation;
Boundless mercy full and free,
The earnest of complete salvation
Joy and peace in Christ I find;
My heart to him is all resigned;

the fulness of his pow'r I prove,
And all my soul's dissolved in love.
Jesus is the pilgrim's portion;
Love is boundless as the ocean.

- 2 When the world and flesh would rise,
And try to drive me from my Saviour,
Strangers slight and friends despise;
I then more highly prize his favor.
Friends, believe me, when I tell,
When Christ is present all is well:
The world and flesh in vain may rise;
I all their efforts do despise.
In the world I've tribulation,
But in Christ sweet consolation.

29. L. M. *ANONYMOUS.

The same.

- 1 BRETHREN, see my Jesus coming,
See him come in yonder cloud,
With ten thousand angels round him:
How they do my Jesus crowd.
- 2 I'll arise and go and meet him,
He'll embrace me in his arms:
In the arms of my dear Jesus,
O there is ten thousand charms.
- 3 Death shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ shall guard me through the gloom;
Down he'll send some heavenly consort
To convey my spirit home.

- 4 Jordan's stream shall ne'er o'erflow
While my Saviour's by my side;
Canaan, Canaan lies before me—
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.
- 5 See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus, is their theme.
- 6 See they whisper! hark! they call me
"Sister spirit, come away!"
Lo, I come! earth can't retain me:
Hail, ye realms of endless day!

30. 7s M. ANONYM

Christian Courage.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end;
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home!
- 2 In the world a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;

From Satan's malice free,
 We shall soon victorious be;
 And the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

Out of all the foes we meet,
 None so apt to turn our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 As the foes we have within;
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

31. 11s M. ANONYMOUS.

Firm Foundation.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness and health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
 At home or abroad, on the land, or the sea,
 "As thy days may demand shall thy strength
 ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee; Oh be not dis-
 may'd!

I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
 to stand.

to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;—
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 “When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,

My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

6 “Even down to old age, all my people shall
prove

My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn, [borne.

Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be

7 “The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes; ‘
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake.”

32. P. M. ANONYM

The Pilgrim.

1 WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim
Wandering through this lonely

ES OF PRAISE-MEETINGS.

hou not 'tis full of danger?
ll not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

m bound for the kingdom,
l you go to glory with me?
lclujah, O hallelujah,
a bound for the kingdom,
you go to glory with me?
hallelujah, O hallelujah.

a thou hast justly call'd me,
sing through a waste so wide,
o harm will e'er besal me,
hile I'm bless'd with such a guide.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
a guide! no guide attends thee!
ence for thee my fears arise:
ome guardian power befriend thee,
Tis unseen by mortal eyes!

O, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
s, unseen, but still, believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
e'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.

For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
ilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;—
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No. I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

83 HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

- 6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend,
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound for the kingdom,
- 7 While I gaz'd, with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plung'd from a
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed with light.
O, I'm bound for the kingdom, &
- 8 Cease, my heart, this mournful crying
Death will burst this sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.
For I'm bound for the kingdom,

33. C. M. WA1

Universal Blessedness.

- 1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resi
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,

Praying aid bestow,
With severer woe ;
Prayed, denied, or fled,
Who shared his daily bread.
When thoughts within me rise,
And dismayed, my spirit dies ;
Who did vouchsafe to bear
My anguish of despair,
Sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
My aching heart, the streaming eye.
When mourning o'er some stone I bend,
Who covers a departed friend ;
Hear his voice, his hand, his smile,
And me for a little while ;
Saviour, mark 'st the tears I shed,
When didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
When I have safely passed
The last :

AND RESIGNATION

ear for souls distressed,
every wounded breast—
and alone in heaven.

ome for weary souls,
and sorrow driven ;
is arise, and ocean rolls,
each rising fear controls
; serene in heaven.

lifts up the tearless eye,
art with anguish riven ;
tempest passing by,
; shadows quickly fly,
serene—in heaven.

unt flowers immortal bloom,
/s supreme are given ;
divine disperse the gloom,
dark and narrow tomb,
s the dawn of heaven.

C. M.

*FRY.

Immortality.

e is a lone place of rest,
believers teach,
ief can never win a tear,
row ever reach.

hat shed the tear is clov
aving breast is cold ;
hich suffered and er
ow grave can hold.

a mouldering earth and hungry worm
The dust they lent may claim ;
But the enduring spirit lives
Eternally the same.

20. Irregular M. ANONYMOUS.

“ I would not live alway.”

- 1 I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin ;
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears.
- 3 I would not live alway ; no—welcome the
tomb ;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom ;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from
his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode!

HOPE AND RESIGNATION

- Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the
soul.

91. 10s & 11s M. ANONYMOUS.

Consolation.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you lan-
guish,
Come, at the shrine of God fervently
kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot
heal.
2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the stray;
Hope, when all others die, fades
pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n

— *... of ...* —
**For all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound ;
If,—travellers through this vale of tears,—
We saw no better world beyond ;
O, who could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give ?
O, who could venture then to die ?
Or, who could venture then to live ?**

- 2 Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mist and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead ;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a floweret smiles beneath,—
Who could exist in such a tomb ?
Who, dwell in darkness and in death ?**
- 3 And such were life, without the ray
Of our divine religion given ;
'Tis this that makes our darkness day,—
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to come.**

93.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

- World to come.*
- 1 THERE is a world we have not seen,
That wasting time can ne'er destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.
 - 2 That world to come ! and O how blest !—
Fairer than prophets ever told !
And never did an angel-guest
One half its blessedness unfold.
 - 3 It is all holy and serene,—
The land of glory and repose ;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
No tear of sorrow ever flows.
 - 4 It is not fanned by summer gale ;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers ;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.
 - 5 No,—for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own ;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal Thro'
 - 6 There forms, unseen by mortal eye,
'Too glorious for our sight to see
Are walking with their God on hi
And waiting our arrival there.

Sweet

HIS world with
dear,
Now shining in be
But a moment th
eye,
Like meteors of r
Home—home
There's no pl

2 Tho' pleasures
glow ;
In the frost of t
grow ;
And homes that
And fond ones
tomb :
Home—hom
There's no p

3 Beyond

And all the
They're but the pores

And paintings on thy wall

4 Vain world, farewell to you ;
Heaven is my native air :

I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

5 I feel my powers releast
From their old fleshly clod ;

Fair Guardian, bear me up in haste
And set me near my God.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

and I Wings.

wings like yonder bird,
above its downy nest,
unseen, unheard,
might be for aye at rest.

seek those fragrant bowers
bloom beneath a cloudless sky,
I rest amidst those flowers
deck the groves of Araby.

out not to scenes below,
a ripe with every promised bliss,
's the world? a garnished show—
orated wilderness.

would fly and be at rest
far beyond each glittering sphere
ings upon the azure breast
all we know of heaven here.

ere I'd rest amidst the joys
ich angel lips alone can tell;
e blooms the bowers of paradise—
ere songs in sweetest transports swell.

e would I rest, beneath that throne,
hose glorious circle gilds the sky;
ere sits Jehovah, who alone
an wipe the mourner's weeping eye.

BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF
HUMAN LIFE.

97. 7s M. NEWTON

New Year's Day.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait—
 But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
 Lord, our expectations raise—
 All below is but a dream.

3 *Thanks for mercies past receive—*

eternity —
word to young and old —
road a Saviour's love;
when life's short tale is told,
we dwell with thee above.

L. M.

MOORE.

Emblem of Man.

z, how beneath the moonbeams' smile
On little billow heaves its breast,
d foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

hus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea;
And having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity!

WESLEY.

UNCERTAINTY

as waste,
duties die away.

n face divine,
ride of beauty shows,
e colors shine,
a the virgin rose.

r rolling years,
kness in a day,
disappears,
d beauties die away.

rising from the tomb,
righter far shall shine,
er-during bloom,
seases and decline.

last, let death devour,
out recompense our pain
ass, and fade the flower
a word of God remains!

L. M. 81.

Time.

eds away—away—awa
our—another day—
month—another year—
m us like the leaflets se
e the life-blood from or
-bloom from the chee

...ses from the temples fall,
...e grows dim and strange to all.

...speeds away—away—away :
...torrent in a stormy day,
...undermines the stately tower,
...proots the tree, and snaps the flower;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved—the friends that
blessed;
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
'To which they can return no more.

- 3 Time speeds away—away—away :
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee
...swiftly or so smooth as he.
...stage to stage

102 BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY

Hear the lesson we are reading;
Mark the awful truth we tell :—

3 “Youth on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead!

4 “What though yet no losses grieve ye
Gay with health and many a grace!
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 “Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning
Heaven and earth shall pass away.

6 On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

102. 8s & 7s M. D

A Mother's Grief.

1 To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
*To meet the meek, uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,*

OF HUMAN LIFE.

an but tell of agony,—
his is a mother's grief!

through dreary days, and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close,—
This is a mother's grief!

3 To see, in one short hour, decayed
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth,—
This is a mother's grief!

4 Yet when the first wild throb is past,
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think, "My child is there;"
This best can dry the gushing tears,
This yields the heart relief;
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief!

103. 7s & 6s M. MISS S. B. W.
"Ask not a Smile."

1 Ask not the smile of gladness
 That lighted other years,
 The heart's unceasing sadness
 Hath drowned its hopes in tears
 And smiles may strive in brightness
 To wreath the burning brow ;
 The frost of grief sweeps o'er them
 They droop and die there now

2 Cold, cold the heart once joyous
 And dull and cold the eye,—
 The light of life's departed
 From earth, to yon fair sky,
 And *there* 'tis burning brightly,
 Undim'd through ceaseless time
 Nor on those blissful shores
 Shall echo sorrow's chime.

3 Then ask me not thus lightly
 To sip of idle mirth,
 For more enduring pleasures
 Of high and holy birth
 Thick cluster round the pathway
 Lethe for earth's unrest,
 The cup of crystal waters
 From fountains of the blest.

As summer sun shines but dim,
As fields strive in vain to look gay ;
When I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice :
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind :
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine ?
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore :
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

MNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

3s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

ME, thou Fount of every blessing,
'tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Tung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it:
Praise the fount of thy redeeming love!

When I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Whether by thy help I come;
That I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Thou hast sought me when a stranger,
Vand'ring from the fold of God;
And to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood!

How to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Lead me to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Lead me to leave the God I love—
Thou'st my heart, O take and seal,
That I may see thy courts above

- And his face,
rapturous songs make him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to his pra
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good ;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his fe
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat :
He snatch'd you from death and the grave.
He ransom'd from doubt and despair .
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 Oh, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song ?
I'm weary of lingering here.

And I

53 HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

And tune my sweet harp to his name
I want—Oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share
To wonder, and worship with you

53. P. M. ANONYM

Gospel Trumpet.

- 1 **BLow** ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home
- 2 **JEsus**, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home
- 3 **Extol** the Lamb of God,
'The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home
- 4 **Ye who** have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought

The gift of Jesus's love ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

54. C. M. *ANONYMOUS.

Grief at the Saviour's Death.

- 1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in ;
When Christ the mighty Saviour died,
For man the creature's sin !
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

DURING THE

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self away,
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*WATTS.

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Joys of Religion.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man, who hears
Instruction's faithful voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 Her treasures are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,

55 HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

55.

S. M.

*WATTS.

Heavenly Joy.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place !
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Yes, now, before we rise
To the immortal state,
The thoughts of that amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
*Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.*

Let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
Marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

8. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Joys of Religion.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man, who hears
Instruction's faithful voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 Her treasures are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

57. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

Rejoicing.

- 1 Oh how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When at first I believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus's name !

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know :
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song ;
O that all his salvation might see ;
He hath lov'd me, I cry'd,
He hath suffer'd and di'd

then rode on the sky,
 Freely justify'd I
 Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;
 My glad soul mounted higher,
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the world it was under my feet.

7 O ! the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possess,
 I was perfectly blest,
 And was fill'd with the fulness of God.

58. H. M. *ANONYMOUS.

1 **ARISE**, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede ;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 **Five** bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary ;

HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me :
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die ?

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One :
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear :
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

59. 7s & 6s M. **ANONYMOUS**
Longing for Heaven.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above ;
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love ?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures

2 O when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entomb'd millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransom'd dust revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansion
Where our Redeemer's gone.

3 Our eyes shall then with rapture
The Saviour's face behold!
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold!
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing!
Our tongues shall chant the glory
Of our immortal King!

60. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Example of Love to Enemies.

- 1 ALoud we sing the wondrous grace
Christ to his foes did bear ;
Which made the torturing cross its throne
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 'Father, forgive!' his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.
- 3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
And, whilst we sing, admire ;

wayed by thy blessing—
For enemies will pray ;
With love, their hatred—and their curse
With blessings, will repay.

I. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Retirement.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away**
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed**
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,**
And future good implore,
All care and sorrows cast

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSE OF PRAISE MEETINGS.

62.

8s M. ANONYMOUS.

Union.

- 1 FROM whence doth this Union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love ;
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground
And Jesus's dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love :
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 O why, then, so loth now to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again ;
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

RAISE MEETINGS.

See that bright day,
angels above,
in'd to our clay,
'd in the ocean of love ;
our Jesus we'll reign,
s bright glory shall see,
allelujahs, amen,
ven so let it be.

7s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Parting.

N shall we all meet again ?
I shall we all meet again ?
ay glowing hope expire ;
may wearied love retire ;
may death and sorrow reign,
we all shall meet again.
ough in distant lands we sigh,
arched beneath a burning sky ;
hough the deep between us rolls.
Friendship shall unite our souls :
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft may we all meet again.
When these burnished locks are
Thinned by many a toil-spent day
When around this youthful pin
Moss shall creep, and ivy twin
Long may this loved bow'r re-
Ere we all shall meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled :
When its wasting lamps are dead ;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid :
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

64. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Parting Blessing.

- 1 **JESUS**, grant us all a blessing,
 Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all return home praying,
 And rejoicing in thy love :
Farewell, brethren;—farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

- 2 **JESUS**, pardon all our follies,
 Since together we have been,
Make us humble, make us holy,
 Cleanse us all from every sin :
Farewell, brethren ; farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet above.

- 3 **MAY** thy blessing, Lord, go with us
 To each one's respective home ;
And the presence of our Jesus
 Rest upon us evermore :
Farewell, brethren ; farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unclouded sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O! may we in thy bosom rest—
The bosom of thy love!

66. 8s, 8s & 6s M. B. BART
Farewell.

1 NAY, shrink not from the word 'f
As if 'twere friendship's final kn
Such fears may prove but vai

changeful is life's fleeting day,
/hene'er we sever—hope may say
"We part to meet again!"

- 4 Even the last parting earth can know,
Brings not unutterable woe,
To souls that heavenward soar ;
For humble faith, with steadfast eye,
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts that here at parting sigh,
May meet—to part no more.

67. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Omnipotence.

- 1 JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.
- 2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
Thine arm thy path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the oceans deep,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see!

68, 69 CLOSE OF PRAISE-MEETINGS.

And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless, proceed from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

68. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Faith, Hope and Love.

- 1 FAITH, hope and love, now dwell on earth,
And earth by them is blest ;
But faith and hope must yield to love,
Of all the graces best.
- 2 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And faith be sight above :
These are the means, but this the end ;
For saints forever love.

69. L. M. 6 l. ANONYMOUS.

- 1 THE day is past, and toils and cares
Are ended with the setting sun ;
And now, O Lord, our grateful prayers
We bring to thee, thou blessed One.
To thee we come with hearts sincere,
And worship at thine altar here.
- 2 Thine, Father, thine is all the day
Its morning smiles, its noonday
Its closing beauties which del

As coming of the glorious night :
 All, all is thine : in tenderness,
 Thy mercies all thy children bless.

- 4 We come to thank thee for thy care ;
 Thy goodness over us hath cast
 A sure defence from every snare,
 And dangers, of the day now past.
 We bless thee for thy favors given,
 For all the promises of heaven.
- 4 Father, we ask thy blessing still—
 Preserve us through the shades of night,
 And bring us, if it be thy will,
 To share in joy to-morrow's light.
 We know, while stars their vigils keep,
 That Thou, O Lord, wilt never sleep.

70.

7s M.

*ANONYMOUS.

Parting.

- 1 For a season call'd to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend,
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our everlasting Friend.
- 2 Jesus hear our humble prayer !
 Faithful Shepherd of thy sheep !
 Let thy mercy and thy care,
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,
 Sweeter every cross and pain ;

Ebenezers shall be reared,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our frail petitions heard.

71. L. M. *WATTS.

- 1** SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light;
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2** Sweet is the day of sacred rest !
No mortal cares shall seize my breast.
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3** My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine
Thy counsels, how divine !

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- ~~more, in my earthly house,~~
Our joyful souls have met ;
Here paid our solemn vows,
And felt our union sweet.
For this our tongues thy love proclaim
And chant the honors of thy name.
- 3 Thy truth, like ointment shed,
Hath breathed a choice perfume
Thy light, divinely spread,
Hath broke the darksome gloom
For this our tongues thy love proclaim
And chant the honors of thy name.
- 4 Now may we dwell in peace
Till here again we come ;
And may our love increase

And
Our praises,
And to thy word a v.

2 O grant that each of us,
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus
When thou and thine appear—
And follow thee to heaven, our home:
Even so, amen—Lord Jesus, come.

74.

8s, 7s & 4s M.
The Same.

*KELI

1 God of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world be near,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Saviour, keep us—
Keep us safe from every foe.

LOSE OF PRAISE-MEETINGS. 75, 76

As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hopes more bright of joys to come ;
And when dying
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

75.

C. P. M. ANONYMOUS.
Praise.

ALL glory to our God above,
For all the tokens of his love,
By all mankind be given ;
Let every heart in praise ascend,
And every note of rapture blend,
With songs of joy in heaven.

6.

7s & 8s M. ANONYMOUS.
Dismission.

ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace ;
On heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase :
Each breast with consolation ;
Up to thee our hearts we raise :
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
Hallelujah!

77.

P. M. *MON.

Friends die but to live again.

1 FRIEND after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
But there's a union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections but a fire
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,—
A whole eternity of love
And blessedness alone ;

To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

78. L. M. BOWRING.

An Aspiration.

- 1 If 'twere but to retire from woe,
 To undisturbed, eternal rest—
 How passing sweet to sleep below,
 On nature's fair and flowery breast!
- 2 But when faith's finger points on high,
 From death's decaying, dismal cell;
 O, 'tis a privilege to die—
 To dream of bliss ineffable!
- 3 In balmy sleep our eyes to close,
 When life's last sunshine gilds our even;
 And then to wake from long repose,
 When dawns the glorious day of heaven!

79. 7s & 6s M. BOWRING.

Immortality.

- 1 In the dust I'm doomed to sleep,
 But shall not sleep for ever;

Fear may for a moment weep,
 Christian courage—never.
 Years in rapid course shall roll,
 By time's chariot driven,
 And my re-awakened soul
 Wing its flight to heaven.

- 2 What though o'er my mortal tom
 Clouds and mist be blending?
 Sweetest hope shall chase the glo
 Hopes to heaven ascending.
 These shall be my stay, my trust
 Ever bright and vernal ;—
 Life shall blossom out of dust,
 Life and joy eternal.

80.

C. M. H. K. W

The Resurrection.

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and d
 path,
 Amid the deepening gloom,
 We soldiers of an injured King
 Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no m
 And all our powers decay,
 Our cold remains in solitude
 Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,

H. K. WHITE.

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injured King
the tomb.

armoil is no more.

ers decay,

solitude

ears away.

curely laid

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With shouts of endless praise

81.

C. M.

Sweet Hope.

- 1 'Tis sweet to rest in lively
That when the change shall come
Angels will hover round me
And waft my spirit home
- 2 There shall my dis-imprisoned
Behold him and adore ;
Be with his likeness satisfied
And grieve and sin no more
- 3 If such the views which give
Weak as it is below ,

82, 83 HOPE AND RESIGNATION

What raptures must the saints above
In Jesus's presence know ?

- 4 O may the unction of these truths
Forever with me stay,
Till from her sinful cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away !

83. C. M. ANONYMOUS

Death and Heaven.

- 1 SWIFT as my fleeting days decline,
The final hour draws nigh,
When, from the busy scenes of time
I must retire and die !
- 2 O ! may this solemn thought pervade
And penetrate my soul !
Govern my life through every stage
And all my powers control !
- 3 Lord, draw thy image on my heart,
And show my sins forgiven ;
And all that holiness impart
Which fits the soul for heaven !
- 4 Then welcome the kind hour of death
That ends this painful strife !
The hand that stops this mortal breath
Will give eternal life !

83. 8s & 7s M. MODERATE

Comfort in Affliction.

- 1 Oh ! thou who dry'st the mourner's eye

IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee !

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone ;

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too !

5 Oh who would bear life's stormy door
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
One peace-branch from above !

6 Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

84. 13s & 11s M. HEE

Funeral Hymn.

1 THOU art gone to the grave ! but we
not deplore thee,

line,

s of time.

ht pervade

ery stage,
rol !

ny heart,
ren ;

t
eaven !

ur of death
life !

ortal breath.

MOORE.

er's tear.

HOPE AND RESIGNATION

Though sorrows and darkne
the tomb ;
The Saviour has passed thro
before thee,
And the lamp of his love is
the tomb.

2 Thou art gone to the grave !
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of
thy side,
But the wide arms of mercy
enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since
hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave !
sion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in
ed long,
But the sunshine of heaven
on thy waking,
And the sound which thou
the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave
vain to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom,
thy guide.
He gave thee, he took thee
restore thee,
*And death hath no sting sin
hath died.*

L.

C. M.

NOEL.

Resignation.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the *past*,
And mourns the *present* pain ;
How sweet to think of *peace* at last,
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will ;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
'And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-taught *faith* surveys
The path to realms of light ;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in *sight*.
- 4 It is that *hope* with ardor glows,
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 It is that harassed *conscience* feels
The pangs of struggling sin ;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.
- 6 Oh ! let me wing my hallowed flight,
From earth-born woe and care ;
And soar beyond these realms of *night*,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

86, 87 HOPE AND RESIGNATION

86. L. M. BARBAULD.

- 1 SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest ;
How mildly beams the closing eye !
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer-cloud away :
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er:
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing ;
O grave! where is thy victory now ?
And where, insidious death, thy sting ?

87. L. M. 6l. *GRANT.

Comfort in Affliction.

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do ;
*Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.*

- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
 Despised by those I prized too well ;
 He shall his pitying aid bestow,
 Who felt on earth severer woe ;
 At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
 By those who shared his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
 Yet He who did vouchsafe to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When mourning o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers a departed friend ;
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while ;
 Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And O ! when I have safely passed
 Through every conflict but the last ;
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed—for thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tears away.

88. 8s & 6s M. THOMAS'S COL.

The Same.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given :
 G 97

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When storms arise, and ocean rolls,
This hope each rising fear controls
—All is serene in heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven ;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

C. M.

DO. Irregular M. ANONYMOUS.

"I would not live alway."

- 1** I would not live alway : I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
its cheer.
- 2** I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin ;
Temptation without, and corruption within :
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears.
- I would not live alway ; no—welcome the

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,

Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet ;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the life of the
soul.

91. 10s & 11s M. ANONYMOUS.

Consolation.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,

Come, at the shrine of God fervently
kneel ;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish,

Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot
heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying.

Hope, when all others die, fadeless and
pure ;

Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
*Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot
cure.*

L. M. BOWRING.

Hope of another Life.

In all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound ;
If,—travellers through this vale of tears,—
We saw no better world beyond ;
O, who could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give ?
O, who could venture then to die ?
Or, who could venture then to live ?

2 Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mist and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead ;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a floweret smiles beneath,—
Who could exist in such a tomb ?
Who, dwell in darkness and in death ?

3 And such were life, without the ray
Of our divine religion given ;
'Tis this that makes our darkness day,—
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to come.

2 That
Fairer than
And never did an
One half its blessedness.

3 It is all holy and serene,—
The land of glory and repose ;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
No tear of sorrow ever flows.

4 It is not fanned by summer gale ;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers :
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

5 No,—for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own ;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal throne.

6 There forms, unseen by mortal eye,
Too glorious for our sight to see
Are walking with their God on high
And waiting our arrival there.

*Sweet Home.*

1 **THIS** world with its glory, and all we hold
dear,

Now shining in beauty, must soon disappear;
But a moment they glitter, then fade to the
eye,

Like meteors of night that dash over the sky:
Home—home—sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home.

2 Tho' pleasures rich cluster may temptingly
glow ;

In the frost of the grave, no flowers shall
grow ;

And homes that we love deserted become,
And fond ones we cherish shall sleep in the
tomb :

Home—home—sweet, sweet home !
There's no place like home.

3 Then give me a home far up in the skies,
Where hope never withers—where love
never dies :

The home of the christian—where pilgrims
are blest,

And the exiles of earth forever shall rest ;
Home—home—sweet, sweet home !

There's no place like home.

95.

S. M.

WA

Looking Upward.

- 1 THE heav'ns invite mine eye,
The stars salute me round,
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus grov'ling on the ground.
- 2 My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly ;
I wish aloud for wings of love,
To raise me swift and high.
- 3 Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls ;
They're but the porches to thy cou
And paintings on thy walls.
- 4 Vain world, farewell to you ;
Heaven is my native air :
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.
- 5 I feel my powers releast
From their old fleshly clod ;
Fair Guardian, bear me up in haste
And set me near my God.

6. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Had I Wings.

- 1 Oh ! had I wings like yonder bird,
That soars above its downy nest,
I'd fly away, unseen, unheard,
Where I might be for aye at rest.
- 2 I would not seek those fragrant bowers
Which bloom beneath a cloudless sky,
Nor could I rest amidst those flowers
Which deck the groves of Araby.
- 3 I'd fly—but not to scenes below,
Though ripe with every promised bliss,
For what's the world? a garnished show—
A decorated wilderness.
- 4 Oh ! I would fly and be at rest
Far, far beyond each glittering sphere
That hangs upon the azure breast
Of all we know of heaven here.
- 5 And there I'd rest amidst the joys
Which angel lips alone can tell ;
Where blooms the bowers of paradise—
Where songs in sweetest transports swell.
- 6 There would I rest, beneath that throne,
Whose glorious circle gilds the sky ;
Where sits Jehovah, who alone
Can wipe the mourner's weeping eye.

BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF
HUMAN LIFE.

97.

7s M.

NEWTON.

New Year's Day.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait—
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Lord, our expectations raise—
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive—

BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE. 98, 99

Former kindnesses renew :
From this moment may we live
With eternity in view :
Bless the word to young and old—
Shed abroad a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

98. L. M. MOORE.

Emblem of Man.

- 1 SEE, how beneath the moonbeams' smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.
- 2 Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea;
And having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity!

99. L. M. WESLEY.

Fading Flowers.

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,

The ...
The short...

5 Yet these, new-rising ...
With lustre brighter far than
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven but recompense our pains!
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains!

100.

L. M. 81.

K

Time.

1 TIME speeds away—away—away
Another hour—another day—
Another month—another year—
Drop from us like the leaflets se-
Drop like the life-blood from our
The rose-bloom from the cheek

108

tresses from the temples fall,
 eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away :
 Like torrent in a stormy day,
 He undermines the stately tower,
 Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;
 And sweeps from our distracted breast
 The friends that loved—the friends that
 blessed;

And leaves us weeping on the shore,
 To which they can return no more.

- 3 Time speeds away—away—away :
 No eagle through the skies of day,
 No wind along the hills can flee
 So swiftly or so smooth as he.
 Like fiery steed—from stage to stage
 He bears us on—from youth to age;
 Then plunges in the fearful sea
 Of fathomless eternity.

101.

8s & 7s M.

HORNE.

Autumn.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and withered to the ground;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound :—
- 2 "Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
 Where, like us, he blighted fell.)

Thus we p.
Heaven and ea.

6 On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

102.

8s & 7s M.

A Mother's Grief.

1 To mark the sufferings of the br
That cannot speak its woe;
To see the infant tears gush fo
Yet know not why they flo
To meet the meek, uplifted
That fain would ask reliv

OF HUMAN LIFE.

et can but tell of agony,—
This is a mother's grief!

2 Through dreary days, and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close,—
This is a mother's grief!

3 To see, in one short hour, decayed
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth,—
This is a mother's grief!

DALE.

4 Yet when the first wild throb is past,
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think, "My child is there;"
This best can dry the gushing tears,
This yields the heart relief;
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief!

The frost
They droop

2 Cold, cold the heart once joy,
And dull and cold the eye,—
The light of life's departed
From earth, to yon fair sky,
And *there* 'tis burning brightly,
Undim'd through ceaseless *time*,
Nor on those blissful shores
Shall echo sorrow's chime.

3 Then ask me not thus lightly
To sip of idle mirth,
For more enduring pleasures
Of high and holy birth
Thick cluster round the pathway,
Lethæ for earth's unrest,
The cup of crystal waters
From fountains of the blest

DECEITFULNESS OF WORDS
PLEASURES.

104. L. M. 61. CUNNING

Source of Truth.

- 1 EACH fabled fount of comfort dry,
Where can I quench my feverish thirst
Is not the world one glittering lie?
Do not its swelling bubbles burst?
Systems, and men, and books, and things
Are nothings drest in painted wings.
- 2 Lord, "thou art true," and, oh the joy
To turn from other words to thee—
To dig the gold within

And fancy
Serve but to ligh
There's nothing calm

106.

8s & 6s M.

ANONYMOUS

Heaven on Earth.

- 1 **THIS** world's not "all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;"
He that hath soothed a widow's wo,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.
- 2 And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even ;
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray ;
Hath something felt of heaven.
- 3 **He**, that the Christian's course
And all his foes forgiven ;

ho measures out life's little span,
a love to God, and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

107. C. M. STENNETT.

Vanity of the World.

- 1 In vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
"Who will supply our vast desires,
Or show us any good?"
- 2 Through the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honor, wealth and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit;
Or, if they seize the fancied good,
There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 Lord, from this world call off my love;
Set my affections right;
Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.
- 5 O let the glories of thy face
Upon my bosom shine;
Assured of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

108.

7s M.

TOPLADY.

Happiness in God alone.

1 HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat, O tell me, where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out,—'It is not here :'
Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies ;
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.

2 Object of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me !
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee :
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below ;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny ;
Lord, if thou thy presence giv

... and happiness are thin
Mine they are, if thou art mi

109. 10s M. AND

Happiness.

- 1 TRUE happiness is not the growth
The search is useless if you seek
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And only blossoms in celestial a
- 2 Sweet plant of paradise ! its seed is
In here and there a plant of he
mould ;
It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er was
To blossom here—the climate is to

110. L. M. W7

Nothing

4 Great God, subdue this vicious thi
This love to vanity and dust ;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,-
And feed our souls with joys refin

PRAYER AND DEVOTION.

111. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or exprest ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven by prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;

While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold he prays !"

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

8 O thou, by whom we come to God ;
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray.

112. 11s M. ANONYMOUS

Bower of Prayer.

1 To leave my dear friends and with neigh-
bors to part,
And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart
Like the thoughts of absenting myself for a day
From that blest retreat where I've chosen to
pray.

2 Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar
have spread,
And woven their branches a roof o'er my head
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen tree
And poured out my soul to my Saviour
in prayer.

- 4 early shrill notes of a lov'd nightingale
 dwelt in the bower, I observed as my bell
 call me to duty while the birds in the air
 sing anthems of praises as I went to prayer.
 5 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by
 the pine,
 The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine,
 But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were
 The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.
 6 For Jesus my Saviour oft deign'd there to
 meet,
 And bless with his presence my humble retreat,
 Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness
 there,
 Indicting in heaven's own language my prayer.
 6 Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you
 adieu,
 And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
 Well knowing my Saviour resides everywhere
 And can in all places give answer to prayer.

113.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Watchfulness.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
 2 To serve the present age,

And
Assured if I
I shall in sorrow

114.

*Miss ANN L.
There's nothing like Prayer.
TUNE—"Sweet Home."

1 When torn is the bosom by sorrow and care,
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like
prayer;
It eases, and softens, subdues yet sustain
Gives vigor to hope and puts passion
chains.

Prayer, prayer, O! sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like pr

2 When far from the friends we hold d
to part,
What fond recollections still c/
heart—
Past scenes and past converse,
ness there,
122

Prayer, prayer, O ! sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

3 When pleasure would woo us from Piety's
arms,

The Siren sings sweetly, or silently
charms ;

We list to the tempter—are caught in the
snare,

But looking to Jesus we conquer by
prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O ! sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

4 While strangers to prayer we are strangers
to bliss,

Heaven pours its full joy thro' no me-
dium but this,

And till we the Seraphim's extacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by
prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O ! sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

115. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER, adored in world's above !
Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love ;

116 PRAYER AND DEVOTION.

- And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.
2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care ;
Forgive the sins which we forsake ;
In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.
3 Evils beset us every hour,—
Thy kind protection we implore.
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore.

116. S. M. *MRS. STEELE.

Cheerful Submission.

- 1 My Father !—cheering name !
O may I call thee mine !
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.
2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath a Father's eye.
3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good, and wise :
O bend my will to thine !
4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
Still let me know a father reigns,
And trust a father's care.
5 If anguish rend this frame,

PRAYER AND DEVOTION.

And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same
To cheer my drooping heart ?
6 Thy ways are little known
To my weak erring sight ;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.
7 My Father !—blissful name !
Above expression dear !
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

117. C. M. MONTGO.

Prayer.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift ;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of weal
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom :—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

**THE SAVIOUR—HIS BIRTH—COM-
MUNION WITH HIM.**

118. C. M. MEDLEY.

Birth of Christ.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre.
- 3 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
To each angelic tongue ;
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

THE SAVIOUR.

**Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song :
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heavenly throng.**

**Vith joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high ;
Good-will and peace are now comp
Jesus was born to die."**

**Hail ! Prince of life, forever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend ;
'hough earth, and time, and life sho
Thy praise shall never end.**

9. C. M. *CAMP
The Star.

**THE world lay hushed in slumber
And darkness veiled the mind,
When rose upon their shadowy sle
The star that saves mankind.**

**t dawns o'er Bethlehem's holy she
And scattering at the sight,
Heaven's idol-host at once have fle
Before that holy light.**

**ed by the solitary star,
To glory's poor abode,
o ! wondering wisdom from afar
Brings incense to her God.**

- 4 Humility, on Judah's hills,
Watching her fleecy care,
Turns to an angel voice, that fills
With love the midnight air.
- 5 Like voices through yon bursting cloud,
Announce the Almighty plan ;
Hymning, in adoration loud,
"Peace and good-will to man."

120.

C. M.

WATTS.

Redeemer's Praise.

- 1 O, FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my Lord and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,—
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 4 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

THE SAVIOUR.

121. C. P. M. Miss I

Christ's Coming.

1 O LET your mingling voices ri
In grateful rapture to the skies
And hail a Saviour's birth !
Let songs of joy the day proclaim
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest
'To heal the sinner's wounded
To bind the broken heart ;
To spread the light of truth abroad
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came our trembling souls to
From sin, from sorrow, and th
And chase our fears away ;
Victorious over death and time
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

4 Then let your mingling voices
In grateful rapture to the skies
And hail a Saviour's birth !
Let songs of joy the day proclaim
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

3 12.

That scatter
Pure as the lucid
That wide proclaims its

4 True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be—
So true let all your sorrows roll,
To Him who bled upon the tree.

8s & 7s M.

ANONYMOUS

123.

Christmas Hymn.

1 COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation
Hope of all the earth thou art
Dear desire of every nation
Joy of every longing heart

- 2 Born thy people to deliver ;
 Born a child, and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

124. C M. ANONYMOUS.

Contrition's Sigh.

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh ;
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn :
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face !
 Hast thou not said—Return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 'To drive me from thy feet ?
 O ! let not this dear refuge fail,
 'This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my Guide ! my Light !
 Without one cheering ray :
 Through dangers, fears and gloomy night,
 How desolate the way !
- 5 Oh ! shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine !

And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

125.

L. M.

J. B. W.

Closet Hymn.

- 1 WHEN, O my Saviour, shall this heart
So feel the influence of thy grace,
'That from thy cross 'twill ne'er depart ;
But live around that hallow'd place ?
- 2 The brightest scenes of earth are dim,
If Jesus be not with me there ;
All worldly joys, compared with him,
Seem vain as fleeting shadows are.
- 3 O could I live beneath his smile,
And lean upon his sacred breast,
No fond allurement should beguile
A heart so privileged—so blest.
- 4 Come then, my Saviour, and constrain
This wayward soul, nor let it rove ;
Recall me to thine arms again,
And bind me there "with cords of love."

126. 11s & 4s M. D. J. MANDELL.*Bethlehem's Star.*

- 1 BLACK clouds wrapt the sky, deep'ning
night's deepest shade,
The moon from her orbit shrank quenched
and dismayed,
When lo ! a bright star its lone presence
displayed—

THE SAVIOUR.

'Twas Bethlehem's star.

- 2 How proudly it rose, 'mid the l
Like a gleam from the circle
high,
While back from its path the
did fly—
Bright Bethlehem's star.

- 3 It shone as the dawn star, to h
From the smile of whose b
night's dark array
Should flee like the minions of
Bright Bethlehem's star.

- 4 But soon o'er the hill tops th
its crest,
And that star shrank from e
ments to rest
Its most precious jewel on h
breast—
Bright Bethlehem's star.

127. L. M. 6l. A
The Same.

- 1 **THERE** is a star whose ge
Forever shines serenely br
And beams upon the Chris
To bless him with its holy
From the eternal throne it
And sheds on man its radi
2 When on life's stormy sea
When all is dark, and all

When fearful swells the foaming tide,
 Oh then its blessed rays appear,
 And gently shed the light of love,
 And lift the tearful eye above !

3 'Tis Christian Hope, the sweetest star
 That lights the pilgrim's onward way,
 And points to glorious joys afar,
 The joys of everlasting day.
 It dissipates the gathering gloom
 That frowns around the opening tomb.

4 O give me this in every hour
 Of deep, desponding, chilling fear ;
 O let me feel its heavenly power,
 The weariness of woe to cheer.
 Then earth's delusive dreams depart,
 And Christian Hope sustains the heart.

5 Far better in this light divine,
 This sure and steadfast hope in heaven
 Than honors which deceitful shine,
 By earthly fame or glory given.
 Though winds arise, and billows roll,
 Hope is the anchor of the soul !

128.

ANONYMOUS.

A Christmas Hymn.

1st Voice. WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night ;
 What its signs of promise are.

2d Voice. Traveller ! o'er you mountain's
 height

THE SAVIOUR.

See that glory-beam!

1st Voice. Watchman! does its beam
Aught of hope or joy

2d Voice. Traveller! yes; it brings
Promised day of Israel

1st Voice. Watchman! } Yes; it brings

2d Voice. Traveller! }

1st Voice. Watchman! tell us of
Higher yet that star

2d Voice. Traveller! blessedness
Peace and truth its contents.

1st Voice. Watchman! will its beam
Gild the spot that birth?

2d Voice. Traveller! ages are its
See! it bursts o'er all

1st Voice. Watchman! } Ages are

2d Voice. Traveller! }

1st Voice. Watchman! tell us of
For the morning seen

2d Voice. Traveller! darkness takes
Doubt and terror are

1st Voice. Watchman! let thy voice
cease;

Hie thee to thy quiet

2d Voice. Traveller! lo! the Prince
Lo! the Son of God

1st Voice. Watchman! } Lo! the

2d Voice. Traveller! } peace

THE GOSPEL.

129. **L. M.** **ANONYMOUS.**

Mercies of the Gospel.

- 1 **Rise**, every heart and every tongue,
Prepare a sweet angelic song ;
Surprising mercies must require
An angel's lay, a seraph's fire.
- 2 See what the gracious God of heaven
Hath now to his own Israel given !
No heart can feel, no tongue express,
The wonders of his love and grace.
- 3 In every age the Lord was kind,
And to his church revealed his mind ;
But we enjoy a wondrous store
Of mercies never known before.
- 4 The sun of heaven illumines the soul ;
Oceans of mercies sweetly roll ;
The heavenly streams of truth and love
Flow freely from the fount above.
- 5 *O happy day ! we live to see
How kind to men our God can be ;*

His greatest mercies stand confessed,
And Zion is divinely blessed.

- 6 Thy truth and loving kindness, Lord,
We will with holy songs record ;
To us are richest favors given,
And praises shall return to heaven.

130. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Influence of the Gospel.

- 1 As showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down ;
Crowned with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.
- 2 Lands that beneath a burning sky
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden green and herbage wear.
- 3 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 4 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

Efficacy of the Gospel.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain !
To heaven from whence it fell
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth through every pore
And calls forth all her secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.
- 3 'So,' saith the God of grace,
'My gospel shall descend,

I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

1 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ;

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear ?

5 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

133. C. M. *H. BALLOU.

Reign of Christ.

1 JESUS his empire shall extend ;
Beneath his gentle sway
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
And his commands obey.

2 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
All nations shall be blest ;
We hear the noise of war no more,—
He gives his people rest.

- 3 As clouds descend in gentle showers,
When spring renews her reign ;
And call to life the fragrant flowers
O'er forest, hill, and plain ;—
- 4 So Jesus, by his heavenly grace,
Descends on man below,
And o'er the millions of our race
His gentle blessings flow.
- 5 Long as the sun shall rule the day,
Or moon shall cheer the night,
The Saviour shall his sceptre sway
With unresisted might.
- 6 All that the reign of sin destroyed,
The Saviour shall restore ;
And, from the treasures of the Lord,
Shall give us blessings more.

134. C. M. S. STREETER.

Good Tidings.

- 1 WHAT glorious tidings do I hear
From my Redeemer's tongue !
I can no longer silence bear,
I'll burst into a song.
- 2 The blind receive their sight with joy ;
The lame are now restored ;
The dumb their loosen'd tongues employ ;
The deaf can hear the word.
- 3 The dead are raised to life anew,
By renovating grace ;

The glorious gospel's preached to you,
The poor of Adam's race.

- 4 O wondrous type of things divine,
When Christ displays his love,
To raise from woe the sinking mind,
To reign with him above !

135. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Waters of Life.

- 1 There is a pure and peaceful wave,
That issues from the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The bright and heavenly courts above.
- 2 In living streams behold that tide
Through Christ the rock profusely burst ;
And in his word, behold supplied
The fount for which our spirits thirst.
- 3 The pilgrim faint, who seems to sink
Beneath the sultry sky of time,
May here repose, and freely drink
The waters of that better clime.
- 4 And every soul may here partake
The blessings of the fount above ;
And none who drink will e'er forsake
The crystal stream of boundless love.

136.**L. M.****WATTS.***The Same.*

- 1 God is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world ;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting :
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour
*Nor can her firm foundations move—
Built on his truth, and armed with*

CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IN GOD.

37. C. M. *BURNS.

Trust and Confidence.

- 1 O, THOU great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am, that, known to thee
Are all thy works below.
- 2 Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.
- 3 Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!
- 4 But, if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design,
Then arm my soul with firm resolves
To bear, and not repine!

138 CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IN GOD.

138. C. M. COWPER.

Submission.

- 1 **LORD**, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No! rather let me freely yield
What most I prize, to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;—
Shall I resist them both?
The poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!
- 6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

139. C. M. TOPLADY.

Sweet Rest.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to soar away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the throne
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book marked down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joy my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My hope in Jesus laid :
Sweet to remember that his death
My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet on thy faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on thy covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 6 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust thy truth divine;
Sweet to lie passive in thy hands,
And have no will but thine.

140 CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IN GOD.

7 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What will that fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

140. C. P. M. H. MOORE.

God's Love.

- 1 MY God! thy boundless love I praise :
How bright on high its glories blaze—
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throue;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
 - 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
It breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
 - 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain—
The blushing fruit, the golden grain—
And smile on every vale.
 - 4 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
- 146

CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IN GOD. 141

There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

- 5 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude—
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

141. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

Trust in God.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head :
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command :
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise—how strong his hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When *fally* he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

142 CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IN GOD.

- 3** Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee :
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

142. L. M. 6l. T. MOORE.

God in Nature.

- 1** THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2** When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3** When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,

That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreaths
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

143. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 THOU great Creator, wise and good !
To thee our songs we raise :
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view ;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night ;
It decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine ;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;

144 CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IN GOD.

Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

- 6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see,
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee.

144. L. M. *WATTS

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on, -
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
His ever watchful eye shall keep
Its constant guard around my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear ;
O may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning let me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground ;
And wait thy voice to break the tomb,
With glad salvation in the sound.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

145. L. M. HEBER.

Hope.

- 1 REFLECTED on the lake I love
 To see the stars of evening glow,
 So tranquil in the heaven above,
 So restless in the wave below.
- 2 Thus heavenly hope is all serene ;
 But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
 Still flutters o'er the changing scene,
 As false, as fleeting, as 'tis fair !

146. C. M. *ANONYMOUS.

Brotherly Love.

- 1 How sweet and heav'nly is the sight,
 When those that love the Lord
 In mutual joy and peace unite,
 And thus fulfil his word :
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part ;
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye
 And joy from heart to heart.

147 FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

- 3 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through ev'ry bosom flows ;
And union, sweet and fond esteem,
In ev'ry action glows.
- 4 This is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of peace that finds
His bosom fill'd with love.

147. C. M. *WATTS.

Resignation.

- 1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance ;
Yet we are born to cares and woes !
A sad inheritance !
- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne ;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn :
- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace ;
He rules me by his gracious laws
Of love and righteousness.
- 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace ;
For death and sin can do no more
Than what my Father please.

8. L. M. WATTS.

Faith.

Trs by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

The want of sight she well supplies :
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

So Abraham, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

19. C. M. J. FRIEZE.

The Same.

HIGH on the mountain's towering head,
While darkness veils the sky,
Faith stands, and through the stormy cloud,
Directs her anxious eye.

Amidst the gloom, the welcome rays
With cheering lustre shine,

150 FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

- And open to her ardent gaze
A world of bliss divine.
- 3 The yawning gulf that howled beneath
Has ceased its angry roar ;
The surging waves have spent their force,
And died upon the shore.
- 4 Far in the distance faith beholds
A flood of heavenly light ;
Now spreads her pinions, and directs
To heaven her ardent flight.
- 5 Far, far beyond this nether world,
Where sin and sorrow grow,
She seeks and finds that endless rest
Where joys unceasing flow.

150. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Blessing of Meekness.

- 1 'BLEST are the meek,' he said,
Whose doctrine is divine ;
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.
- 2 While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell ;
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy
Beyond what tongue can tell.
- 3 The God of peace is theirs ;
They own his gracious sway ;
And yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.

No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast ;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.

- 5 O gracious Father, grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

151. C. M. THOMAS'S COL.

There is a Flower.

- 1 THERE is a flower—a holy one—
That blossoms on my path ;
No need of dew, or daily sun,
Or falling showers it hath.
- 2 It blooms as brightly in the storm
As in the cloudless sky,
And rears unharmed its humble form,
When others fade and die.
- 3 That plant is Faith : its holy leaves
Reviving odor shed,
Where pain is felt, or sorrow grieves
O'er mansions of the dead.
- 4 God is its sun—his living light
In happy hours he lends,
And silently, in sorrow's night,
His heavenly dew descends.

152 FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

152. C. M. *THOMAS'S COL.

"Sweet Hope."

- 1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one ;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds,
To sing what God hath done.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus's grace hath given ;
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
- 2 What though the northern winds arise,
And howl around our cot ;
Or though beneath the southern skies,
Be cast our earthly lot :
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
The Saviour's grace hath given,
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
- 3 From eastern shores, from northern lands,
From western hill and plain,
From southern climes, the brother-bands
May hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which love divine hath given ;
The hope when life and time are o'er,
We all shall meet in heaven.
- 4 No hope deferred, no parting sigh,
That blessed meeting knows ;

**The hope when time shall be no more,
We all shall meet in heaven.**

153. C. M. THOMAS'S COI

Hope.

**THERE is a hope—a blessed hope—
More precious and more bright,
Than all the varied forms of joy
The world esteems delight.**

**There is a star—a lovely star—
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospect of the tomb.**

There is a voice, a cheering voice,

His
His pity

3 He aids the poor in the
He hears when they com-
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.

4 The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find ;
He loves to give relief.

5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet ;
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing mind and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.

6 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue ;
Thus shall we be with gl
And love as angels do

TH

5.

1 HAD I
And no
If love
Like ti

2 Were
All tha
Or cou
Still I

3 Should
To fee
Or give
To gain

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

**2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers ;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers;
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.**

**3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,—
Yea, life for evermore.
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love !**

157.

L.

Comm

1 'TWAS on that darl
When powers of ea
Against the Son of
And friends betray

2 Before the mournfu
He took the bread,
What love through
What wondrous w

3 'This is my body,
Receive and eat th
Then took the cup
'Tis the new cov

4 'Do this,' he cried
In memory of you
Meet at my table,
The love of your

5 Jesus ! thy feast v
We show thy dea
Till thou return, i
The marriage sup

K

158. L. M. ANONYMOUS.*The Same.*

- 1 'THIS do in memory of your Friend.'—
Such was the Saviour's last request,
Who all the pangs of death endured,
That we might live forever blessed.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends !
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.
- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these veils to see ;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.
- 4 But O, what vast transporting joys
Shall fill our breast, our tongues inspire,
When, joined with the celestial train,
Our grateful souls thy love admire !
- 5 When these vile bodies, all refined,
Perfect and glorious as thy own,
Unwearied shall our minds obey,
And join in worship near the throne.

159. C. M. ANONYMOUS.*The Same.*

- 1 YE followers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw !

1 Remember what his spirit was—
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;
Inspired by love, he died.

3 And do you love him ? do you feel
Your warm affection move ?
This is the proof which he demands,—
That you each other love.

60. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear ;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,—
Joy attend us in believing !
Peace from God, through endless day !

Let none...

3 Near to each other, and
Lord, bring us all in unity ;
O, pour thy spirit from on high,
And all our numerous wants supply.

4 O, show that in our low estate
No blessing for us is too great ;
We plead thy Son, we plead thy wor
O Founder, Patron, beauteous Lord

L. M.

ANONY

162.

Receiving Members.

1 Lord, we adore thy wondrous gr
Who crown'st the gospel with su
Subjecting sinners to the yoke,
And bringing to the fold thy fle

2 May those who have thy trar
As their own faith, and hope

164

Living members may they share
joys and griefs which others bear,
Active in their stations prove
all the offices of love.

On all temptations now defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end,
While in thy house they still improve,
Til they join the church above.

L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Baptism.

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood!
Now plain he marked the humble way
To sinners, through the mystic flood!
Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Love and obey his sacred word;

164, 165

BAPTISM.

164.

C. M.

BALDWIN.

At the Water.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Saviour, here we stand,
Ranged by the water side;
Hither we come, at thy command,
To wait upon thy Bride.
- 2 Thy footsteps marked this humble way,
For all that love thy cause;
Lord, thy example we obey,
And glory in the cross.
- 3 Our dearest Lord, we'll follow thee,
Where'er thou lead'st the way;
Through floods, through flames, through
death's dark vale.
To realms of endless day.

165.

L. M.

*WATTS.

The Same.

- 1 Do we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or sorrow reign
Over our mortal flesh again:
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

BAPTISM.

133.

L. M.

The Same.

1 **HITHER** we come, our d
Obedient to thy sacred wo
'Tis thou 'hast called our
From sense and sin, and fo

2 Here, ranged along the wat
Where gently rolls the silen
O what on earth can sweete
Than thus to come and follo

When wanderers in the vale
Enslaved by sins, and doubts
Then thou didst come our so
And gav'st us grace to follow

When darkness did our souls
And o'er our heads the storm
We saw no way for hope to fl
But to obey and follow thee.

Though others, by tradition led
Refuse the path which thou did
To be baptized our joy shall be
Thus we will follow none but th

L. M.

ST.

Baptism.

How the willing converts tra
The path the great Redeemer

DEDICATION OF CHILDREN.

I follow, through his liquid grave,
The meek, the lowly Son of God!

ere they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire :
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
They shine in clean and bright attire.

O sacred rite, by thee the name
Of Jesus we to own begin :
This is our resurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men :
Let saints on earth and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud Amen.

168.

8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Dedication of Children.

1 SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
'There, we know—thy word believing—
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
169

Let thy te
Keep the
Then wi
Let the
Feed th
Drink

169.

1 TH
He

2

3

- Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way;
 4 Then within thy fold eternal
 Let them find a resting place;
 Feed them in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

169. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 THE Saviour gently calls
 Our children to his breast;
 He folds them in his gracious arms;
 Himself declares them blest.
 2 "Let them approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble claim;
 The heirs of heaven are such as these,—
 For such as these I came."
 3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
 Devoting them to thee;
 Imploring, that, as we are thine,
 Thine may our offspring be.

170. L. M. PIERPONT.

Ordination.

- 1 O THOU, who art above all height,—
 Our God, our Father, and our Friend!
 Beneath thy throne of love and light
 Let thine adoring children bend.

- 2 We kneel in praise, that here is set
 A vine that by thy culture grew;
 We kneel in prayer that thou would
 Its opening leaves with heavenly dew
- 3 Since thy young servant now hath g
 Himself, his powers, his hopes, his
 To the great cause of truth and hea
 Be thou his guide, O God of truth.
- 4 Here may his doctrines drop like r
 His speech like Hermon's dew dist
 Till green fields smile, and golden g
 Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.
- 5 And when he sinks in death—by ca
 Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed.
 O God! remember thou our prayer,
 And take his spirit to thy rest.

171.

L. M. PIER

Dedication.

- 1 O bow thine ear, Eternal One!
 On thee our heart adoring calls;
 To thee the followers of thy Son
 Have raised, and now devote—these
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
 And be this place to worship given,
 Like that bright spot where Jacob s
 The house of God, the gate of hea
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell; and

As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy spirit hung
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

172. L. M. FRANCIS.

Conference of Ministers.

- 1 BEFORE thy throne, Eternal King!
Thy ministers their tribute bring,—
Their tribute of united praise
For heavenly news and peaceful days.
- 2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word;
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.
- 3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
And, while we feel thy heavenly love,
We burn like seraphim above.
- 4 Still in thy work would we abound;
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;

173 CONFERENCE OF MINISTERS.

Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed
And watch them with unwearied heed:

- 5 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, our crown above :
Thy praise shall be our blest employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

173. L. M. THOMAS'S C

The Same.

- 1 Now we are met from different parts,
May heavenly love inspire our hearts ;
May all we do be done in love,
Like those who meet to praise above.
- 2 May this a striking emblem be
Of that great meeting all shall see,
Where heavenly love tunes every choir
In pure hosannas to the Lord.
- 3 O may we feel the kindling glow
Which ransomed spirits ever know ;
In all we do, may we proclaim
The praise of our Redeemer's name.
- 4 And when the scenes of life are o'er,
And we shall meet on earth no more,
In brighter scenes in realms above,
We'll sing the song of endless love.

CONFERENCE OF MINISTERS. 174, 175

174. L. M. THOMAS'S COL.

The Same.

- 1 **ASSEMBLED** here, a brother band,
Before thy face, O Lord, we stand :
The voice that marshalled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, thro' distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;
Our counsels aid—to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 3 We meet to feel the kindling glow
Of heav'n in love on earth below ;
O touch our lips with holy fire,
And all our thoughts with grace inspire.
- 4 We meet, O Lord ! but we must part !
O may each waiting brother's heart
Behold that world, all parting o'er,
Where we shall meet to part no more.

175. C. M. THOMAS'S COL.

The Same.

- 1 **JOINED** in a union firm and strong,
No foe our ranks can break ;
To victory we press along,
And glorious warfare make.
Darkness recedes, and sin shall die,
Before our banners spread ;
And foes of peace around us lie,
Or far away have fled.

76 CONFERENCE OF MINISTERS.

- 2** Our fervent prayers shall still prevail
Against a host of sins ;
And angels every Christian hail
Whose love a conquest wins.
This warfare then let us pursue :
The van our Captain leads ;
Each conflict shall our strength renew
To other glorious deeds.
- 3** Then let our ranks, more closely joined,
With shield and buckler stand ;
A kingdom we at last shall find,
The promised spirit-land.
Let all, with harmony of voice,
In lofty praises join ;
Let every soul in Christ rejoice,
With rapture all divine.
- 4** The kindling flame begins to glow,
Each heart grows warm with love ;
And we enjoy, on earth below,
The bliss of heaven above !
O thus forever may we feel,
And evermore display
Devotion's pure and holy zeal,
In Shiloh's chosen way.

76. 8s, 7s & 6s M. ***ANONYMOUS.**

The Same.

WATCHMEN ! onward to your station ;
Blow the trumpet long and loud ;

CONFERENCE OF MINISTERS.

**Preach the gospel of salvation,
Speak to ev'ry gathering crowd :
See ! the day is breaking ;
See the saints awaking,
No more in sadness bow'd.**

**2 Watchmen ! hail the rising glory
Of the great Messiah's reign ;
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,
Tell it to the list'ning train :
See his love revealing ;
See the Spirit sealing ;
'Tis life amid the slain !**

**3 Watchmen ! as the clouds are flying,
As the doves in haste return,
Thousands from amid the dying,
Flee to Christ, his love to learn :
All their sighs and sadness
Turn to joy and gladness,
When they his grace discern.**

**4 Watchmen ! now lift up your voices ;
Tell the triumphs of your King,
While the ransom'd host rejoices ;
Sing aloud, his praises sing :
See his arm victorious !
See his kingdom glorious,
While heav'n's glad anthems ring.**

177, 178

CHARITY.

J. BROWNE.

177.

Charity to the Poor.

1 O, how can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear?

2 Our Saviour was the healing friend
Of poverty and pain;
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.

3 May we with humble effort take
Example from above,
And thence the active lesson learn
Of charity and love.

4 But chiefly be the labor ours
To shade the early plant;
To guard from ignorance and guilt
The infancy of want;

5 To graft the virtues, ere the bud
The canker-worm has gnawed,
And teach the rescued child to list
Its gratitude to God.

178.

Charity for the Distressed.

1 FATHER of mercies! send it
All powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient son
The image of thy love.

176

No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end ;
No more the trembling child to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

- 4 Still give us grace, almighty King !
Unwavering at our posts to stand,
Till grateful to thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land ;
- 5 Which, from the pestilential chain
Of soul intemperance gladly free,
Shall spread an annal, free from stain,
To all the nations, and to thee.

181. L. M. DYER.

Public Humiliation.

- 1 GREAT Framers of unnumbered worlds
And whom unnumbered worlds adore !
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power,—
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea ;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry ;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense a repentant sigh.

- 3 The work of love, in faith begun,
Hath prospered, by our Father's care ;
And many a victory hath been won,
The fruit of toilsomeness and prayer.
- 4 Almighty Parent ! still in thee
Our spirits trust for strength divine ;
Gird us with Heaven's own energy,
And o'er our paths let wisdom shine.
- 5 The work of man's destruction stay ;
The tide of fire still backward press ;
Drive each delusive mist away,
And every humble effort bless.
- 6 God of our fathers ! unto thee
We bend the knee in fervent prayer ;
Let every heart from sin be free,
And stamp thy blessed image there.

180. L. M. MRS. SIGOUR

Temperance Anniversary.

- 1 We praise thee, if one rescued sor
While the past year prolonged its
Turned shuddering from the poison
To health, and liberty, and light.
- 2 We praise thee, if one clouded
Where broken hearts despairing
Beheld the sire and husband cor
Erect and in his perfect mind.

83. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

National Blessings.

- 1 GREAT God of nations ! now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray ;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds ;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God ! preserve us in thy fear ;
In dangers still our guardian be ;
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here ;
Let all the people worship thee.

184. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

National Celebration.

- 1 O THOU, whose arm of power surrounds
The vast creation's utmost bounds !

PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

is day we deeply mourn our sins,
 confess thy power, and bless thy rod ;
 let us know thy pardoning love,
 and find in thee a guardian God.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

32.

The Same.

ALMIGHTY Lord ! before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend !
 'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
 Our dying hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
 Thy dreadful power display ;
 Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas ! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt and shame !
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the Christian name !

4 O turn us—turn us, mighty Lord !
 Convert us by thy grace ;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
 We will not sink in fear ;
 Secure of all-sufficient aid,
 When thou, O God, art near.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

1

**And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.**

**Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concern to see ;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.**

**So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joys beyond the skies.**

186. S. M. BEDDOM

The Same.

**1 My few revolving years,
How swift they glide away !
How short the term of life appears,
When past—but as a day !**

**2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin ;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.**

**3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way.**

New Year's Day.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which, supported still, we stand ;
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit
And peaceful leave before thy

4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Be thou our joy, and thou
Thy goodness all our hope
Adored through all our ch

5 When death shall interr
And seal in silence mo
Our Helper, God, in
In better worlds our

C. M.

WATTS.

Thanksgiving.

songs and honors sounding loud,
ress the Lord on high;
ie heavens he spreads his cloud,
waters veil the sky.

nds his showers of blessings down
cheer the plains below;
akes the grass the mountains crow
d corn in valleys grow.

steady counsels change the face
f the declining year;
bids the sun cut short his race,
nd wintry days appear.

hoary frost, his fleecy snow
escend and clothe the ground;
liquid streams forbear to flow,
icy fetters bound.

sends his word, and melts the snow,
he fields no longer mourn;
calls the warmer gales to blow,
nd bids the spring return.

changing wind, the flying cloud,
bey his mighty word :
h songs and honors sounding loud,
aise ye the sovereign Lord.

The summer suns with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade

6 And O may our harmonious tongue
In worlds above pursue the song
And in those brighter courts and
Where days and years revolve

C. M. D. ANONYMOUS.

The Seasons.

Lord is good; the heav'nly King
makes the earth his care;
he pastures ev'ry spring,
bids the grass appear :
years and seasons, days and hours,
w'n, earth, and air, are thine;
clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
Author is divine.

Green'd ridges of the field
bid the corn to spring;
fills rich provision yield,
all the lab'ers sing :
varying months thy goodness crowns;
's beauteous are thy ways :
feeding flocks spread o'er the downs,
shepherds shout thy praise.

C. M. D. ANONYMOUS.

Spring.

Beauty clothes the fertile vale,
blossoms on the spray,
fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,
's sweet the vernal day :
how the feather'd warblers sing!
nature's cheerful voice;
music hails the lovely spring,
woods and fields rejoice.

THE SEASONS.

2 How kind the influence of the skies,
 While show'rs, with blessings fraught,
 Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
 And fix the roving thought :
 O, let my wond'ring heart confess,
 With gratitude and love,
 The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless
 Each smiling field and grove.

3 That hand in this hard heart of mine
 Can bid each virtue live :
 While gentle show'rs of grace divine,
 Life, beauty, fragrance give :
 O, God of nature, God of grace,
 Thy heav'nly gifts impart ;
 And bid sweet meditation trace
 Spring blooming in my heart.

192. C. M. D. ANONYMOUS

Spring Spiritualized.
 1 At length the op'ning spring is come,—
 How joyous is the scene !
 The air is fill'd with rich perfume,
 The fields are dress'd in green :
 I see my Saviour, from on high,
 Break through the clouds and shi
 No creature now more bless'd than
 No heart more glad than mine.

2 Thy word bids all my hopes revive
 It overcomes my foes ;

THE SEASONS....SICKNESS. 193, 194

It makes my languid graces thrive
And blossom like the rose :
Thus, Lord, a monument I stand,
Of what thy grace can do ;
Still guide me with thy gentle hand,
The changing seasons through.

193. C. M. D. ANONYMOUS.

Harvest.

To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs ;
He calls, and at his voice, come forth
The smiling harvest hours :
His cov'nant with the earth he keeps ;
My tongue his goodness sing ;
Summer and winter know their time,
The harvest crowns the spring.

194. S. M. SCOTT.

Prayer in Sickness.

- 1 My Sovereign, to thy throne
With humble hope I press ;
O bow thine ear, to hear the groan
Of anguish and distress.
- 2 My life, bowed down with pain,
Mourns its decaying bloom ;
Lord, clothe these bones with flesh again,
And save me from the tomb.

195 RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

3 Without one murmuring word
Thy chastening I receive,
But with submission ask, O Lord,
A merciful reprieve.

4 My supplicating voice
Unwearied I will raise :
Say to thy servant's soul, rejoice,
And fill my mouth with praise.

195. C. M. DODDRIDGE

Recovery from Sickness.

1 LORD, in thy service I would spend
The remnant of my days :
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise ?

2 Thy own almighty power and love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
I did my Soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

4 From the dark borders of the grave
At thy command I come ;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

5 Where thou shalt settle my abode,
There would I choose to be ;

For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

196. L. M. 81. ANONYMOUS

Sickness of a Minister.

- 1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Thou know'st the anxious cares we see
And all our trembling lips would tell :
Thou, only, canst assuage our grief,
And give our sorrowing hearts relief ;
In mercy, then, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 2 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock ;
Restore him, sinking to the grave ;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save
Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies ;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 3 But if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his Strength, be thou his Stay,
Support him through the gloomy way.
Around him may thine angels stand,
Waiting the signal of thy hand,
To bid his happy spirit rise,
And bear him to their native skies.

197.

C. M.

The Traveller's Hymn.

- 1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt through burning clime
And breathe infectious air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please;
The hoary, frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boisterous seas.
- 4 Though by the dreadful tempest to
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to h
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds reti
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy comm
At thy command is still.
- 6 In midst of dangers, fears, and
Thy goodness we'll adore;
And praise thee for thy merc
And humbly hope for mor

108. L. M. 61. ANONYMOUS.*The Mariner's Hymn.*

- 1** Lord of the sea!—thy potent sway
Old ocean's wildest waves obey;
The gale that whistles through the shrouds,
The storm that drives the frightened clouds—
If but thy whisper order peace,
How soon their rude commotions cease!
- 2** Lord of the sea!—the seaman keep
From all the dangers of the deep!
When high the white-capped billows rise,
When tempests roar along the skies,
When foes or shoals awaken fear,—
O! in thy mercy be thou near!
- 3** Lord of the sea!—when, safe from harm,
The sailor rests in slumbers calm,
May dreams of home his spirit cheer,—
Dreams that shall never false appear;
May thoughts of friends, and peace, and thee,
His solid consolations be!
- 4** Lord of the sea!—a sea is life,
Of care and sorrow, woe and strife!
With watchful pains we steer along,
To keep the right path, shun the wrong :
God grant, that after every roam,
We gain an everlasting home!

C. M.

The Same.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord!
 Thy wonders in the deeps,
 The sons of courage shall record,
 Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
 And swell the towering waves;
 The men, astonished, mount the skies,
 And sink in gaping graves.

3 Then to the Lord they raise their cries!
 He hears their loud request,
 And orders silence through the skies,
 And lays the floods to rest.

4 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
 And see the storm allayed :
 Now to their eyes the port appears;
 There let their vows be paid.

5 'Tis God that brings them safe to land
 Let stupid mortals know
 That waves are under his command
 And all the winds that blow.

6 O that the sons of men would
 The goodness of the Lord
 And those that see thy woe
 Thy wondrous love reco-

100. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.*Wedding Hymn.*

- 1 **ETERNAL** God of truth above!
Bless thou the promise spoken;
And never may these bonds of love
By aught of ill be broken.
O ever may these plighted hearts,
Thy holy grace possessing,
Enjoy the bliss thy peace imparts,
In everlasting blessing.
- 2 In light and shadow, weal and woe,
In action and emotion,
Be ever theirs the joy to know
Of never-changed devotion.
O may remembrance of this hour
Inspire a charm for ever,
Whose kindling glow and holy power
Shall be forgotten never.
- 3 In thee, O Lord, be theirs to find
Their light, and joy, and glory;
And loving thee with heart and mind,
In wisdom walk before thee.
So may they feel a heaven below,
With thee in pure communion,
And be at last received to know
The joys of endless union.

201.

L. M.

Wedding Hymn.

1 WITH cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King;
For he alone can minds unite,
And bless with conjugal delight.

2 This youthful pair, O Lord, inspire
With heavenly love, that sacred fire :
From this blest moment may they prove
The bliss divine of mutual love.

3 O may they both unceasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind;
Prospered and happy may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.

4 So may they live as truly one;
And, when their work on earth is done,
Rise, hand in hand, to heaven, and share
The joys of love forever there.

ANONYMOUS HYMNS.

C. M. ANONYMOUS.

presence of Christ.

rd, and warm each languid heart,
each lifeless tongue;
e joys of heav'n impart
flu'nce to our song.

rd, thy love alone can raise
e heav'nly flame;
l our lips resound thy praise,
rta adore thy name.

I am weak,
Hold me with thy
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow :
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and sin's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

7s M.

ANONYM.

LOOK ON HIS WOUNDS
Doubt no more his pow'r to save.

5. 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for Devotion.

'OUNT of everlasting love!

**Rich thy streams of mercy are,
Flowing freely from above ;**

Beauty marks their course afar.

Lo! thy Church, thy garden now,

**Blooms beneath the heav'nly show'r;
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow;**

Mild, yet mighty is thy pow'r.

God of grace! before thy throne,

Here our warmest thanks we bring;

Thine the glory, thine alone;

Loudest praise to thee we sing.

MISCELLANEOUS

No rude alarms of
No cares to break
No midnight shad
But sacred, high
[F

209.

P.

1 SOV'REIG
Let this
O bid th
And po

? Set up
In w
Far
An

show're,
2:

ACCELLANEOUS HYMNS. 209, 210

ade alarms of raging foes;
cares to break the long repose;
midnight shade, no clouded sun,
ut sacred, high, eternal noon.

[*End with the first verse.*]

209. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for Truth.

- SOV'REIGN of worlds! display thy pow'r,
Let this be Zion's favor'd hour;
O bid the morning star arise;
And point the heathen to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where error reigns,
In western wilds, and heathen plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
And make the universe thine own.
- 3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
Bid ev'ry nation hail the light.

210. 7s & 6s M. *ANONYMOUS.

Praise to the Saviour.

- 1 To Thee, my Lord and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings;
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Thou gracious King of kings!

I'll celebrate thy glory
 With all thy saints above,
 And tell the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast;
 My voice in supplication,
 My Saviour, thou shalt hear :
 O grant me thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
 I pass the dang'rous road,
 With heav'nly hosts escorted,
 Up to their bright abode :
 Then cast my crown before thee
 And all my conflicts o'er,
 Unceasingly adore thee;
 What could an angel more!

211.

7s & 6s M. *AND

Prayer and Praise.

1 To thee, in youth's bright morn
 Father of all we pray ;
 While thought and fancy da
 Lead on the rising day ;
 To thee, in life's last ever
 We'll tune our feeblest

- Feel all our sins forgiven,
And softly sleep in death.
- 2 When from death's sleep we 'waken
No fears shall us surprise ;
All earthly things forsaken,
What joys shall meet our eyes !
With raptures then increasing,
For ever we'll rejoice ;
And praises, never-ceasing,
Shall wake each tuneful voice.

212. 7s & 6s M. ANONYM.

Departure of Missionaries.

- 1 ROLL on thou mighty ocean !
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To ev'ry land below.
Arise ye gales and waft them
Safe to the destin'd shore
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade !
- 2 O thou Eternal Ruler !
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean
Deliver them from harm
Thy presence still be with
Wherever they may be
Though far from us who
O let them be with thee

213, 214 MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

213.

C. M.

*ANONYMOUS.

A Look from the Cross.

1 I SAW one hanging on a tree,
In agony, and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas, I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain ;
Where could my trembling soul be hid,
For Christ the Lord was slain.

4 A second look he gave which said,
"I freely all forgive ;
'This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I die that thou may'st live."

214.

C. M.

*ANONYMOUS.

In Darkness.

1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble m
To thee, I breathe my sighs ;
When will the mournful night be g
And when my joys arise ?

2 My God ! O I would make the cl
My Father and my Friend,

call thee mine, by ev'ry name,
in which thy saints depend.

ev'ry name, of pow'r and love,
I would thy grace entreat,
or shall my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave the sacred seat.

et, though my soul in darkness mourns,
'Thy word is all my stay ;
here I would rest 'till light returns,
'Thy presence makes my day.

15. C. M. COWPER.

Walk with God.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd ;
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,

6, 217 MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

* ANONYM

8s M.

216.

Trust in God.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend
Whose love is as large as his power
And knows neither measure nor
Jehovah, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us on
We'll praise him for all that is
And trust him for all that's to

8s, 7s & 4s M. A

217.

Exhortation to Sinners.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn
Coming from the court
Mercy beams in ev'ry place
Ev'ry line is full of love
O receive it !
Ev'ry line is full of

2 Now the heralds of
Joyful news aloud

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS. 218, 219

Sinners freed from condemnation,
Through the all-atoning Lamb !
Life receiving,
Through the all-atoning Lamb !

218. 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Reign.

- 1 **WAKE** the song of jubilee ;
Let it echo o'er the sea,
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore.
- 2 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice ;
Now the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings.

219. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ Precious.

- 1 How precious is the name, brethren sing,
brethren sing,
How precious is the name, brethren sing,
How precious is the name of Christ our Pas-
chal Lamb,
Who bore our sin and shame, on the tree, on
the tree.
- 2 I've given all for Christ, he's my all, he's
my all,
I've given all for Christ, he's my all ;

His name I w.

4 I feel the love of
soul.

I feel the love of God in my soul,
I feel the love of God, in my heart
abroad,

And I will serve my God here below, here
below.

220.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS

The Jubilee.

1 **WHAT** heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free?
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
This is the Jubilee.

2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,
All round from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to
This is the Jubilee.

news, good news, to Adam's race ;
 let Christians all agree
 sing redeeming Love and Grace,
 This is the Jubilee.

The gospel sounds a sweet release
 To all in misery,
 And bids them welcome home to peace,
 This is the Jubilee.

5 Jesus is on his mercy seat,
 Before him bend the knee ;
 Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
 This is the Jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return and come
 Unto the Saviour free ;
 The Spirit bids you welcome home,
 This is the Jubilee.

7 Come, ye redeem'd, your tribute bring,
 With songs of harmony ;
 While on the road to Canaan sing,
 This is the Jubilee.

221. 11s & 8s M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ the Beloved.

1 O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes
 delight,
 On whom in affliction I call,
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all ;

ELLANEOUS HYMNS.

hou at noontide resort with thy

the pastures of love ?
 e valley of death do I weep,
 the wilderness rove ?

ld I wander an alien from thee,
 the desert for bread ;
 rejoice, when my sorrows they

at the tears I have shed.
 of Zion, declare, have ye seen
 it on Israel shone ?
 r tents my beloved has been,
 with his flocks he is gone ?

beloved, his form divine,
 its shed odors around ;
 his head are as grapes on the

an with plenty is crown'd.
 Sharon, the lilies that grow
 , on the banks of the streams,
 in the beauty of excellence

s are as quivers of beams
 is the sound of the d

ough the shadows e
 Lebanon bow

MISCEL

His lips as a foun
 That waters th
 from which their
 know,
 And bask in th

Love sits in hi
 Through all
 Their faces th
 And tremb
 He looks, a
 And my
 He speak
 Re-ec

222

1 C

T

ipsis as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 That waters the garden of grace ;
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
 know,
 And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eyelids, and scatters delight
 Through all the bright mansions on high ;
 Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
 And tremble with fulness of joy.
 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word ;
 He speaks—and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

222. 10s & 11s M. *ANONYMOUS.
The Believer's Joy.

1 O TELL me no more of this world's vain
 store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er ;
 A country I've found, where true joys abound,
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,
 And me in that number, will Jesus receive ;
 My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad
 day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort—go after
 him, go :

Lo ! onward I move to a city of love ;
None judges how wondrous my journey will
prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from error and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ
within :

And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

C. M. D.

ANONYMOUS

223.

The Same.

- 1 How happy ev'ry child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiv'n !
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven !
A country far from mortal sight :
Yet, O ! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight
The heaven prepar'd for me.
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay !
We more than taste the heaven
And antedate that day :
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd
And with his glorious presence
Our earthen vessels fill'd.
- 3 O would he more of heav'n
And let the vessels bre

ransom'd spirits go,
the God we seek ;
s awe on him to gaze,
ight the sight for me,
and wonder at his grace
all eternity.

11s M. *ANONYMOUS.

Saint's Sweet Home.

es of confusion and fruitless
unts,

o my soul is communion with

banquet of mercy there's room,
e presence of Jesus at home!

sweet, sweet home,
ear Saviour, for glory, my home.

s that unite all the children of

scious Jesus, whose love cannot

thy presence in sadness I roam,
ld thee, in glory, at home.

this body of sin to be free,
s my joy and communion with

ry temptations like billows may

All, all will be peace, when -
home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stand,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 What'e'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace;
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy
face;

Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shir
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image arise from the t
With glorified millions to praise thee, at
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, r

225.

11s M. *AN
The Same.

1 An alien from God, and a str
I wandered through earth, its
to trace;
In the pathway of sin I cont
Unmindful, alas! that it led
Home, home, sweet, s
O Saviour! direct me t

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

pleasures of earth I have seen fade
bloom for a season, but soon the
pleasures more lasting in Jesus
vation on earth, and a mansion in
Home, home, sweet, sweet home
The saints in those mansions are ever

3 Allure me, no longer, ye false
charms!

The Saviour invites me, I'll go to
At the banquet of mercy I hear there
O there may I feast with his children
Home, home, sweet, sweet home
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my
adieu,

While Jesus, and heaven, and glory
I feast on the pleasures that flow
throne,

The foretaste of heaven, sweet he
home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home
O when shall I share the fruition of

5 The days of our exile are passing
The time is approaching when Jesus
"Come to me, all the world; sit down
throne,

And dwell in my presence forever a
Home, home, sweet, sweet home
O there I shall rest with the Saviour

6 Amen o'er,
The saints shall u-
Their loud hallelujahs u-
They dwell with the Saviour -
Home, home, sweet, sweet home -
They dwell with the Saviour forever at ho-

* ANONYMOUS.

8s & 7s M

226.

The Gloom of Autumn.

- 1 HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
View with me autumnal gloom;
Learn from thence your fate to-morrow!
Dead, perhaps, laid in the tomb!
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent all things seem to mourn;
Life from vegetation flying,
Brings to mind the mould'ring urn.
- 2 Oft autumnal tempests rising,
Make the lofty forests nod;
Scenes of nature how surprising!
Read in nature, nature's God.
See the God, the great Creator,
Lives eternal in the sky,
While we mortals yield to nat-
Bloom a while, then fade &
- 3 What to me are autumn's tr-
Since I know no earthli-
Long I've lost all youthfi-

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

Time must youth and health destr
asures once I fondly courted,
Shar'd each bliss that youth besto
But to see where then I sported,
Now embitters all my joys.

- 4 Age and sorrow since have blasted
Every youthful, pleasing dream,
Quiv'ring age with youth contrasted,
O how short their glories seem !
As the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees
So my friends are yearly dropping,
Through old age and dire disease.

- 5 Former friends, how oft I've sought
Just to cheer my drooping mind ;
But they're gone like leaves in autumn
Driven before the dreary wind.
When a few more years I've wasted
When a few more springs are o'er
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall live *to die no more.*

- 6 Fast my sun of life's declining,
I must sleep in death's dark night
But my hope, pure and resigning,
Rests in future life and light.
Cease this trembling, fainting, sighing
Christ will burst the silent gloom
Then the spirit upwards flying,
Shall be borne beyond the tomb

3 Dea.

Shall ne.

Till all the ransom—
Be sav'd to sin no mo.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the strea—
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be—till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring to
Lies silent in the grave.

8s & 7s M.

ANONY

228.

Gently Lead us.

1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of

218

ough the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in thy perfect way.

- 2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

229.

11s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Zion's Triumph.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy
sadness!
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no
more;
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of
gladness;
Arise! for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm th
subdued them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier

They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge
that pursued them;
Vain were their arms and their chariots of war.
3 Daughter of Zion, the Pow'r that hath
sav'd thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should
be;
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd
thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

230. 8s & 7s M. *ANONYMOUS.

Heavenly Union.

- 1 WE soon shall break all nature's ties,
On wings of love our souls shall rise,
And shout salvation through the skies,
And win the mark, and gain the prize,
And feel a blessed union.
- 2 And when we reach the blissful plains
Where love divine immortal reigns,
We'll bid adieu to all our pains,
And join the sweet angelic strains,
In one eternal union.
- 3 'There we shall see as we are seen,
Without a dimming veil between;
And not a cloud shall intervene,
But all is pleasant and serene
In climes of perfect union.

here we shall reign eternally,
And praise the Lamb that sets us free,
Who groan'd and died upon the tree,
That we might his salvation see,
And feel this blessed union.

Almighty God! each heart and tongue
To thee shall raise a glorious song;
All praises to thy name belong :
Let Zion sing, Thy kingdom come,
And fill the world with union.

And when the final trump shall sound,
And wake the nations under ground,
Our spirits gladly shall obey,
And fly to everlasting day;
Then sweet will be this union.

Divisions then will all be o'er,
And party spirit reign no more :
The church triumphant will be pure,
And all God's people dwell secure,
Where none can break their union.

7s M. MONTGOMERY.

Song of Jubilee.

It ! the song of Jubilee,
As mighty thunders roar,
The fulness of the sea,
It breaks upon the shore :

MISCELLANEOUS

Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wake above, beneath :
All creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banners furl'd ;
Sheath'd his sword :—he speaks ; 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away :
Then the end ;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

7s & 6s M.

232.

Missionary Hymn.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mount
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden

222

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! Oh salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name !

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

233, 234 MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS

233.

7s & 6s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Social Meeting.

1 Draw nigh to us, Jehovah!
In our social meeting;
In this propitious hour,
Oh may we feel thy power,
In this social meeting.

2 Draw nigh to us, blest Jesus,
In our social meeting;
Oh may we find thy favor,
Thou ever blessed Saviour,
In this social meeting.

3 Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit,
In our social meeting;
Convince and renovate us,
Anew in Christ create us,
In this social meeting.

234.

C. P. M. AND

The Pilgrim's Lot.

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot
How free from every anxious
From worldly hope and fear
Confined to neither court nor
His soul disdains on earth to
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is
224

MISCELLANEOUS

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to man benighted
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Salvation ! Oh salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name !

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And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

233, 234 MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

233. 7s & 6s M. ANONYM

Social Meeting.

- 1 DRAW nigh to us, Jehovah!
In our social meeting;
In this propitious hour,
Oh may we feel thy power,
In this social meeting.
- 2 Draw nigh to us, blest Jesus,
In our social meeting;
Oh may we find thy favor,
Thou ever blessed Saviour,
In this social meeting.
- 3 Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit,
In our social meeting;
Convince and renovate us,
Anew in Christ create us,
In this social meeting.

234. C. P. M. ANONYM

The Pilgrim's Lot.

- 1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;—
He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine

B. C. M. MRS. HEMANS.

Peace, be Still.

- F**EAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.
- 2** And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But One was there, who rose and said
‘To the wild sea, Be still !
- 3** And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky ;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.
- 4** And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep,
When death’s fierce throes are past.
- 5** Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest’s mood,—
Oh ! send thy Spirit forth in power,
O’er our dark souls to brood !
- 6** Thou that didst bow the billows’ pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil,—
So speak to passion’s raging tide,
Speak, and say—“ Peace, be still !”

I wandered o'er the moor,
Though nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

2 Can God, I thought, the just, the great
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny to man's estate,
The boon of happiness?

3 Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
In which of nature's wide domains
Can bliss for man be found!

4 The birds wild carolled o'er my head,
The breeze around me blew,
And nature's awful chorus said—
No bliss for man she knew.

5 Unquestioned Love, whose early ray

ISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

11s M. *CUNNING

Mary at the Sepulchre.

How sweet, in the musing of faint
repair

To the garden where Mary delight
rove :

To sit by the tomb where she breathes
fond prayer,

And paid her sad tribute of sorrow
love ;

To see the bright beam which dispels
her fear,

As the Lord of her soul breaks through
of his prison,

And the voice of the angel salutes her
ear,—

The Lord is a captive no more—
risen !”

O Saviour! as oft as our footsteps waver
In penitent sadness to weep at thy
On the wings of thy greatness in piety
ascend,

Be ready to comfort and ‘mighty to save’
We shrink not from scenes of death
and woe,

For there we meet with the Lord
love ;

Contented, with Mary, to sorrow
As, with her, we shall drink of
eternal life above.

241 MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

- 2 A dark, inevitable night ;
 A blank that will remain ;
 A waiting for the morning light,
 When waiting is in vain ;
 A gulf where pathway never led
 To show the depth beneath ;
 A thing we know not, yet we dread,—
 That dreaded thing is Death.
- 3 The vaulted void of purple sky,
 That everywhere extends,
 That stretches from the dazzled eye,
 In space that never end :
 A morning, whose uprisen sun
 No setting e'er shall see ;
 A day that comes without a noon,—
 Such is Eternity.

241.

L. M. 61. ANONYMOUS.

Morning Star.

- 1 STAR of the morn, whose placid ray
 Beamed mildly o'er yon sacred hill,
 While whispering zephyrs seemed to say
 As silence slept and earth was still,
 Hail, harbinger of gospel light !
 Dispel the shades of nature's night !
- 2 I saw thee rise on Salem's towers,
 I saw thee shine on gospel lands,
 And Gabriel summoned all his power
 And waked to ecstasy his band

Sweet cherubs hailed thy rising ray,
And sang the dawn of gospel day !

- 3 Shine, lovely star ! on every clime,
For bright thy peerless beauties be ;
Gild with thy beam the wing of time,
And shed thy rays from sea to sea ;
Then shall the world from darkness rise,
Millennial glories cheer our eyes !

242. L. M. 6 l. ANONYMOUS.

God Everywhere.

- 1 ABOVE—below—where'er I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,
Or glistening in the morning dew ;
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflection there.

I hear thee in the stormy wind,
That turns the ocean-wave to foam ;
Nor less thy wondrous power I find,
When summer airs around me roam ;
'he tempest and the calm declare
hyself,—for thou art every where.

nd thee in the noon of night,
And read thy name in every star,
it drinks its splendor from the light
'hat flows from mercy's beaming ear :

Shrinks from the wonders I beh
That ray of glory bright and fair,
Is but thy living shadow there.

- 5 Thine is the silent noon of night,
The twilight eve—the dewy mo
Whate'er is beautiful and bright,
Thine hands have fashioned to
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, "God is h

243. L. M. C

Sin the cause of Fear.

- 1 TELL me, my soul, O tell me v
The faltering tongue, the broken
Why is my cheek bedewed with
And whence arise my coward fe
2 When conscious guilt arrests the
Avenging furies stalk behind ;
And sickly fancy intervenes,
To dress the visionary scenes.
3 Jesus ! to thee I flee for aid :

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

A. C. M.

Funeral Hymn.

- 1 **BENEATH** our feet, and o'er
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven !
- 2 Their names are graven on the
Their bones are in the clay,
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing day
He lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour !
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy bloom
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of life
Halt feebly t'wards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts
And dreams of days to come
- 6 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below
And warns thee of her doom

246.

The Answer.

- 1 BUT if our thoughts are fixed aright,
A cheering hope is given,
Though here our prospects end in night,
We meet again in heaven.
- 2 Yes, if our hopes are raised above,
'Tis sweet when thus we sever,
Since parting in a Saviour's love,
We part to meet forerer!

247.

L. M. Miss S. B. WIN

Dedication.

- 1 LOWLY we bend before thy throne
Meek suppliants, Eternal One,
And crave acceptance of the plan
Which to thy praise we dedica'

at temples reared by art alone,
Thy gracious presence, Lord, may own,
But earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
Are filled with thy immensity.

3 Yet, Father, pour upon this place,
The special favors of thy grace ;
Ever vouchsafe thy presence here,
With guardian care and listening ear.

4 Oh, here may truth, and love divine,
In their celestial garments shine,
And win the heart to their embrace—
While grateful homage wake thy praise.

5 Oh, grant that here be ever heard
The truths from out thy sacred word—
A balm, the sin-sick to restore—
A light, that none may wander more.

248. 8s & 7s. MISS S. B. WINSLOW

Ordination.

1 MAY thy blessings, Oh Jehovah,
On thy servant freely fall,
Who forever to thy service
Consecrates his life—his all ;
And while in thy vineyard toiling,
Tho' dark tempests gather round
Still, in Jesus's footsteps following
Faithful to his trust be found.

MNS.

saken,
to bear,
salvation
may share.
attle,
girded on—
he cease not
n.

3

4

or—
must meet,—
r's banner,
field retreat.
thy wisdom
here ;
more his spirit,
liss to share.

ANONYMOUS.

Dove has flown
nest,
rld all o'er
east.

very lawn,
s her train,
ower to flower,
a vain.

ought her in the grove of love,
I knew her tender heart,
t she had flown, a peaceful Dove,
Nor felt the traitor's dart.

on ambition's craggy hill,
This pensive bird might stray,
ought her there, but vainly still,
She never flew that way.

th smiled and shed a silent tear
To see me search around,
en whispered "I will tell thee where
The Dove may yet be found.

y meek Religion's humble cot
She builds her downy nest,
seek that sweet secluded spot,
And win her to thy breast."

D. C. M. WATTS.

Vanity of Man as mortal.

ACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;
ould survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
n is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

- They
But all their noise -
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

251.

L. M.
Funeral Hymn.
A. C. M. 100

Jesus slept ;—God's dying Son
 Asst through the grave, and blessed the
 bed ;

Rest here, blessed saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
 Attend, O earth ! his sovereign word ;
 Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
 Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

252. C. M. WATTS.

Heartless Worship an Abomination.

- 1 God is a spirit just and wise,
 He sees our inmost mind ;
 In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
 With honor can appear ;
 The painted hypocrites are known
 Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bending knees the ground ;
 But God abhors the sacrifice
 Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere ;
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.



Is seen through every gathering sto
Companion of his way;

2 Thou, on his infant lips dost press
Thy signet with a smile,
And on through nature's weariness
His pilgrimage beguile.

3 When disappointments wake regret
Or dangers threaten loud,
He scarce can shrink, ere thou dost
Thy rainbow in the cloud.

4 He scarce can weep, ere thou art ni
To prism the falling tear,
To snatch the half-unuttered sigh,
And paint thy visions clear.

5 But chiefly, when the dying saint
On his last couch reclines,
When lights of earth are dim and fa
Thy brightest lustre shines.

6 Thy smile is glorious to his eye,
Thy brow like seraph fair,
Thou point'st his journey to the sky
But may'st not follow there.

1. C. M. GOLDSMITH.

The Same.

- THE wretch, condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies ;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.
- 2 Hope like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way ;
And still as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

255. 8s & 7s M. CAWOOD.

The Angels' Song.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!

Learn
Till in heaven
Glory be to God

6 "Let us learn the wondrous
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth."

256. 12s & 11s M. ANONYMOUS.
Love to God.

- 1 Oh! sweet is morn's first breeze that strays
on the mountain,
And sighs o'er its bosom and murmurs away;
And bright is the beam which upsprings from
day's fountain,
And breaks o'er the East in its golden array.
- 2 And lovely the riv'let incessantly flowing
Which winds gently murm'ring its course
through the plain:
And welcome the beacon which, faithful
glowing,
Cheers the heart of the mariner tossed
the main.
- 3 But sweeter, my God, is thy
compassion,

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

- high soft as the summer's dew falls on
the mind :
high whispers the tidings of life and sal-
vation,
And casts the dark shadows of sorrow
behind.
- 4 O yes! I have known it, when, kindly and
cheering,
It hushed the hoarse thunders of trouble to
rest;
It was heard, and the angel of mercy ap-
pearing,
Pour'd the balm of relief o'er the penitent's
breast.
- 5 And still may I hear it, while crossing life's
ocean,
Or borne on the billow, or breath'd in the
gale;
Enkindling the flame of expiring devotion,
And utt'ring the promise that never shall
fail.
- 6 'Tis the still voice of Him who expired on
the mountain,
And breath'd out for sinners his last dying
groan;
His voice who on Calvary open'd the fountain
Of water to cleanse, and of blood to atone.
- 7 That voice, O believer, shall cheer and
protect thee,

From the wild winds

A holy, a sweet, and a true

A spring of refreshment, a place of

2 'Tis the house of my God—'tis the dwelling
ling of prayer—

'Tis the temple all hallowed by blessing and
praise;

If sorrow and faithlessness conquer me then
My heart to the throne of his grace I cannot

3 For a refuge like this, ah! what praise
due

For a rest so serene, for a covert so fair
Ah, why are the seasons of worship

Ah, why are so seldom the meetings
246

S. 12s & 11s M. **DALE.**

The Joy of Angels.

- O WHY are the loud harps of seraphs re-
sounding
Sweet music of joy through the bright
realms above?
And the choir of the ransom'd in transport
responding
New anthems of praise to the God of their
love?
- 2 And why do they stoop from the scene of
their gladness,
Where round the blest throne of the Lamb
they recline?
And what can they trace in this dark vale of
sadness,
To heighten a rapture already divine?
- 3 Behold in yon desolate cell, where reclining
On earth, lone and cheerless, the captive
is laid;
No beam through the gloom of his dungeon
is shining,
No accents of friendship breathe solace or
aid:
- 4 And yet, though the bands of the base
have enchain'd him,
His soul bows submissive and meek to the
rod;

the-
6 And marvel no
consenting,

The saints to their Lord songs o.
should raise;
They gaze from their thrones on a sinner
repenting,

And wake to fresh transports of wonder
and praise.

8s & 6s M.

R. JUKE!

259.

The Dying Christian.

1 WHAT is this that steals upon my frame
Is it death is it death?

Which soon will quench the vital flame
Is it death? is it death?

If this is death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of Glory see,

All is well, all is well.

222. cease to weep, my friends, for me,
 All is well, all is well;
 My sins are pardon'd, I am free,
 All is well, all is well;
 'There's not a cloud which doth arise
 To hide my Jesus from my eyes,
 I soon shall mount the upper skies,
 All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory,
 All is well, all is well;
 I'll rehearse the pleasing story,
 All is well, all is well;
 Bright angels are from glory come,
 They're round my bed and in my room,
 They wait to waft my spirit home,
 All is well, all is well.

4 Hark! hark! my Lord and Master calls me,
 All is well, all is well;
 I shall see his face in glory,
 All is well, all is well;
 Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu!
 I can no longer stay with you,
 My glittering crown appears in view,—
 All is well, all is well.

260.

8s & 6s M.

C. C. BURR.

Grace is Free.

1 COME, hear me tell the pleasing story,
 Grace is free—grace is free;
 249

3 We shall soon be free—
Grace is free—grace is free—
There rejoicing in his favor,
Grace is free—grace is free;
'Then not a cloud shall there arise,
To hide the Saviour from our eyes,
When we shall mount the upper skies,
Grace is free—grace is free.

4 Now we'll sing the pleasing story,
Grace is free—grace is free;
All inherit worlds of glory,—
Grace is free—grace is free;
Jesus, the Lord, is crucified,
'Twas on Mount Calvary he died
And there a full atonement made
Grace is free—grace is free

1. C. P. M. *I. NICHOLS.

Dedication.

1 O THOU, our fathers' God,
We humbly seek thy face,
To own thy guardian hand
As they invoked thy grace :
And we will now awake the song,
Which lips unborn shall still prolong.

2 We hail thy Altars, Lord,
In every age thy care,
Those Zion courts more blessed
Than Israel's dwellings are;
Where praise with praise more deeply flows,
And heart with heart more warmly glows.

3 God of the Bethel Stone,
Be this a Bethel too;
Here fill *our* souls with awe,
Here Jacob's dream renew :
Here ope thy gate, and here arise
Those visioned steps that reached the skies.

4 God of the burning bush,
Whose unconsuming flame
Revealed to Moses once
Thy presence and thy name;
Here, blessed Lord, thy presence prove,
And fire our souls with saving love.

5 God of that pilgrim house
Those ancient wanderers bore,

262 MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

Guiding their desert way
To Canaan's promised shore;
Here guide our feet, our way attend,
Till dangers cease, and changes end.

6 O Thou, whose temple stood
The wonder of mankind,
Here all its types fulfil
For Jesus's Church designed;
Here oracle, and mercy seat,
And sacrifice, in Jesus meet.

7 Here fit our souls to rise
Where all thy love inspires,
Where angels cast their crowns
And strike their golden lyres.
Thus bless, O Thou, most good, most gr
The house of prayer we dedicate.

262. L. M. ANONYMO

Faith.

1 O PRECIOUS Faith!—may I be found
Establish'd on its happy ground;
Instruct me, Jesus, from above,
And build me up in Faith and Love.

2 Then let the rising billows roll,
Faith is the anchor of my soul;
I'm well secured on every side,
Fix'd firm in Christ, my Rock,

PRIVATE AND FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

263. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

Domestic Affection.

- 1 How pleasing, Lord ! to see,
How pure is the delight,
When mutual love, and love to thee,
A family unite !
- 2 From these celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.
- 3 All in their stations move,
And each performs his part
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.
- 4 Formed for the purest joys,
By one desire possessed,
One aim the zeal of all employs,—
To make each other blessed.
- 5 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet ;

The breath of life
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

264.

L. M.

*WAT

Morning Hymn.

- 1 **GOD** of the morning ! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, robed in splendor, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;
- 2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With steady mind and active will
March on, and keep the heavenly way;
Thy commands are right and pure

His power prolongs my day,
This evening shall make known
A fresh memorial of his grace.

And of my time has run to waste,
I, perhaps, am near my home;
He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

Lay my body down to sleep;
His face is the pillow for my head;
His ever watchful eye shall keep
A constant guard around my bed.

With his name forbids my fear;
May thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning let me hear
His love and kindness of thy heart.

And the night of death shall cease

FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
Her sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
Fears no approaching or asleep,
Thou, whether waking or asleep,

For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still
5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wondrous acts proclaim
Whilst all with me shall praise
And bless thy sacred name

6 At morn, at noon, at eve
The growing work of day
And thee alone will praise
Eternal praise is due

at my grateful praise and prayer
Arise before thy throne.

What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may soft slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.

4 Thus bless each future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er;
And then, to realms of endless light
O let my spirit soar.

268. L. M. WATTS.

Sickness and Sorrow removed.

- 1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak, and save
From the dark borders of the grave!
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.
- 3 His chast'ning but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

269, 270 FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

269.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS

The Widow's Prayer.

- 1 THOUGH faint and sick,
With poverty and woe,
My widowed feet are doomed to stray
'Mid thorny paths below;
- 2 Be thou, O Lord! my Saviour still—
My confidence and guide;
I know that perfect is thy will,
Whate'er that will decide.
- 3 I know the soul that trusts in thee
Thou never wilt forsake;
And though a bruised reed I be
That reed thou wilt not break.
- 4 Then keep me, Lord! when
Support me on my way
Though, worn with poverty
My widowed footsteps stray.
- 5 To give my weakness
Thy staff shall yet
And though thou chide
That staff shall stay.

Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn !
 Thus swiftly fled his life away !

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
 Death timely came with friendly care,
 The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
 And bade it bloom forever there.

3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy
 Perhaps has spared a heavier doom,—
 Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
 Or from the pangs of ills to come.

4 He died before his infant soul
 Had ever burned with wrong desire,
 Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
 Or ever quenched its sacred fire.

5 He died to sin, he died to care,—
 But for a moment felt the rod,
 Then, rising on the viewless air,
 His happy spirit soared to God.

271.

C. M.

*COTTON.

In Affliction.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
 Where wave resounds to wave;
 Though o'er my head the billows roll,
 I know the Lord can save.

2 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
 And pressed on every side,

The Lord has still sustained my
And still has been my guide.

3 Perhaps, before the morning daw
He will restore my peace;
For he who bade the tempest roa
Can bid the tempest cease.

4 In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand p
And humbly seek for more.

5 Here will I rest, here build my h
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to r
My health, my life, my God!

FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

stant echoes faint and fleet
uld music's softest tones excel;
knew mine ear a strain so sweet,
as thine, harmonious sabbath bell!

f holy hopes, of joys refined,
The pensive murmur seemed to tel
And spoke of countless joys combine
In that sole thought, the sabbath be

And now my spirit spurns the thrall
That binds me to my pillowy cell;
And fain would hasten to the call,
That vibrates from the sabbath bel

The holy fane, the sacred rite,
The hallowed joys I loved so well
Say, shall they bless again my sight,
At summons of the sabbath bell?

Ah, no! that hope I fear is o'er,
I bid the dear deceit farewell;
And scarce may hope to hear once m
The music of the sabbath bell.

Soon, soon its meek and mournful s
May vibrate in my funeral knell;
Yet while a thought of life remains,
'Twill ne'er forsake the sabbath b

And if, beyond this mortal lot,
On former joys the soul may dwe
My spirit still shall haunt the spot
That echoes to the sabbath bell

3 Beloved thine
Whose voice first taught
And future bliss unknown on -

4 His faithful counsel, tender care,
Unwearied love, and humble prayer;
O these still claim the grateful tear,
And all my drooping courage cheer.

5 If loud the wind, the tempest high,
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.

6 Tossed on the deep and swelling wave
O mark my trembling soul, and save
Give to my view that harbor near
Where thou wilt chase each grief

L. M. RAFFLES.

Value of God's Word.

THIS world that we so highly prize,
And seek so eagerly its smile—
What is it?—vanity and lies—
A broken cistern all the while.

2 Pleasure with her delightful song,
That charms the unwary to beguile—
What is it?—the deceiver's tongue—
A broken cistern all the while.

3 And earthly friendships fair and gay,
That promise much with artful wile—
What are they?—only treachery—
A broken cistern all the while.

4 Riches, that so absorb the mind
In anxious care and ceaseless toil—
What are they?—faithless as the wind—
A broken cistern all the while.

5 Yes—all are broken cisterns, Lord!
To those that wander far from thee:
The living stream is in thy word,
THOU FOUNT OF IMMORTALITY.

275. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Power of God.

1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will;

FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force com
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his
And sweeps the howling skie

5 Ye nations bend, in reverence
Ye monarchs wait his nod,
And bid the choral song asce
To celebrate the God!

L. M.

276.

The Setting Sun

1 THAT setting sun—that
What scenes, since first
Of varied hue, its eye
Which are, as though

2 That setting sun! full
Hath dwelt upon its

FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

sweet according thought subli
ery age, and every clime!

weet to mark thee, sinking sl
cean's fabled caves below,
when the obscuring night is do
e thee rise, sweet setting sun.
ien my pulses cease to play,
ely close my evening ray,
e again, death's slumber done
us like thee, sweet setting sun

11s & 8s M. TA

Moonlight.

r is it that gives thee, mild qu
ie night,
ecret, intelligent grace?
hould I gaze with such pensive
/ fair, but insensible face?

gentle enchantment possess
eam,
d the warm sunshine of day?
om is cold as the glittering str
e dances thy tremulous ray!

thou the sad heart of its s
aguile?
f's fond indulgence suspend?
re is the mourner but welcom
nile,
ves thee—almost as a friend

A mooning
Poetical, pensive.

6 I think of the years that for e.
Of follies,—by others forgot;
Of joys that are vanished—and hopes that a

And of friendships that were—and are
dead;

7 I think of the future, still gazing the w'
As though thou'dst those secrets reve
But ne'er dost thou grant one encouraging
To answer the mournful appeal.

8 Thy beams, which so bright thro' r
casement appear,
To far distant regions extend;
Illumine the dwellings of those that
And sleep on the grave of a frier

9 Then still I must love thee, mil
the night!
Since feeling and fancy agree,
To make thee a source of unfa
A friend and a solace to me'

For I seen the laughing spring
And her rich blessings o'er the earth
Born beneath her fragrant wing
Bring beauty forth, and love, and
At spring soon fled, and summer the
Her genial heats diffused around,
In nature's wildest, roughest glen
Was by her hand with verdure crown'd
Sweet summer, too, alas! was doom'd
To quit the rich and smiling plain;
While in fruitfulness she bloomed,
Autumn began her glorious reign.
But autumn's sun soon ceased to burn
And clouds, which roll athwart the
clared that winter and his urn
In viewless icy car was nigh.
When winter came, the gorgeous s

Oh! I may press my mother earth,
And quit this vain world for the tomb.
9 Then let me, Lord, at whose command
Summer, and spring, and winter roll,
Praise, while I've life, the Almighty hand
That spans the world from pole to pole
10 At morning's-light, Lord of all space
I'll praise thee,—and at close of ever
Then lend me, Lord, some ray of grace
To light my trembling steps to heaven

279. C. M. MRS. HEM

A Domestic Scene.—Tune, *Auld Lang*,

1 'Twas early day—and sunlight stre
Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken, seen
With naught of gloom :

But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone
 With something lovelier far—
 A radiance all the Spirit's own,
 Caught not from sun or star.

- 3 Some word of life e'en then had met
 His calm, benignant eye:
 Some ancient promise, breathing yet
 Of immortality;
 Some heart's deep language, where the glow
 Of quenchless faith survives;
 For every feature said—"I know
 That my Redeemer lives."
- 4 And silent stood his children by,
 Hushing their very breath
 Before the solemn sanctity
 Of thoughts o'ersweeping death;
 Silent—yet did not each young breast
 With love and reverence melt?
 Oh! blest be those fair ones—and blest
 That home where God is felt!

280. 6s, 8s & 4s M. ANONYMOUS

The Twilight Hour.

- 1 O! SWEET is twilight's hour,
 When the gay sun is set in night,
 And ev'ry tree and blossom'd flower
 Weep tears of light.
 O! sweet is evening's close,
 When shadows on the mountains rest;

3.

ance throws

ght's hour :
follies vain,

ound
; that ne'er was giv'n
for all around
m!

8s M. ANONYMOUS.

ig Devotion.

me ye disconsolate."
mercies, when the day is

pay my vows to thee;
rafted on the breath of morning
elt praise to thee shall be.
a art near me sleeping or waki
thy love unchanged remain;
I wander, thy ways forsaking
y lead me back again.

63, 7s & 8s M. ANONY
The Stilly Night.

... night, ... has bow

Fond r
Of c

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2

and memory brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

2 When I remember all
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in winter weather,
 I feel like one, who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
 And all but me departed.
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

283. 11s M.

Home, Sweet Home.

1 'MID pleasures and palaces, though we may
 roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
 home;
 A charm from the skies, seems to hallow us
 there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met
 with elsewhere.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 There's no place like home.

2 I gaze on the moon, as I
And feel that my parent now

child;

She looks on that moon from our own cottage-
door,

Through woodbines whose fragrance shall
cheer me no more.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

3 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in
vain,

O give me my lowly, thatched cottage again
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call
Give me them with the peace of mind, dear
than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home
There's no place like home.

7s M. ANO
ning Song.
tain

5. C. M. Miss S. B. WINSLOW.

The Past.

YE come, ye come with cloudless ray,
Bright visions of the past,
Soft stealing o'er, with pensive sway,
As if by magic cast,
The weary heart, and flooding it
With many hallowed scenes,
Treasured in sacred memory,
As loved and priceless things.

2 Ye come, departed dreams of bliss,
And vanished hopes and fears,
Gay phantoms beaming through the mist
Of far departed years,
Dispelling with thy fadeless light
The shadowy veil that's cast,
By time, in his oblivious flight,
O'er hours that might not last.

3 Ye come, loved forms, from this world gone,
With those far, far away,
And scattered o'er earth's vast expanse
In life's dark paths to stray—
Come with ye, and their voices sweet
Are chiming on the air,
In the bright paths where erst we met,
They all, they all are there.

4 Nay, mem'ry, thou art but a cheat ;
Alone I linger here ;

R

273

But yet, e
Though causing
A tear, yet not of bitter
But softened feeling's tone,
When sadness for the moment sits
Within the heart enthroned.

286.

11s M.

ANONYMOUS

How cheering the thought.

1 How cheering the thought, that the s
of bliss
Will bow their bright wings to a work
as this;
Will leave the sweet joys of the m
above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some
of love.

2 They come, on the wings of t'
they come,
to lead some poor wan
snatch from

orn alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant Isle;

'Tis the hour when happy faces,
Smile around the taper's light;
Who will fill our vacant places!
Who will sing our songs to night?

3 When the waves are round us breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;

4 Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell;
Darker shadows round us hover,
Isle of beauty "Fare thee well!"

5 Through the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell;
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly "Fare thee well!"

6 What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow warmer,
Isle of Beauty "Fare thee well!"

238.

7s & 5s M.

Last Rose of Summer.

1 'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;

No rose bud
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

2 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

3 So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown;
He would inhabit

FAMILY DEVOTION

- 2 Sister, thou wast mild and
Pleasant as the summer's
Gentle as the air of evening
When it flouts among the
- 3 Yet again, we hope to meet
When the dream of life is
Then in Heaven we joy to meet
Where no farewell tear is

290. 8s & 7s M. Miss S. B. W *Guardian Angels.*

- 1 THEY are round our pathway
Executing heaven's will;
'Morn and eve, they leave us ne
'Though we turn aside to ill.
- 2 Though an erring thought intrude
Leading thousands in its train,
Still some guardian spirit winneth
Back to God and truth again.
- 3 Winneth back, if not extinguish
Quite, the lamp of truth and
Lighted at the sacred altar
Of the fountain head above.
- They are with us, guardian angel
With the pure in thought and
Mingling with a sister spirit,
Heavenly wisdom to impart

FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

- 5 They are with the frail and erring,
Striving with their power and might
To dispel the darkness, dwelling
Where should be the perfect light.

291. L. M. Miss S. B. WINSLOW.
A Traveller's Return.

- 1 AGAIN we meet—again the hearth
Is cheered by its long absent ones,
And gaily rings the voice of mirth,
From hearts to joyous feelings strung.
- 2 The exile from a distant land,
The exile from the sea has come,
And here we meet, a blessed band,
Once more in our beloved home.
- 3 Home, home—a parent's smile is
A sister's kind and gentle voice
A brother's welcome look we share
Can earth boast higher, brighter
—the scattered, now have
—las! again to part
—the bit

**FOR CHILDREN AT SABBATH
SCHOOL.**

222.

C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Remember thy Creator.

- 1** In the soft season of thy youth
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere we arrive and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb;
- 2** Remember thy Creator God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence and joy.
- 3** He shall defend and guide thy cause
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.
- 4** Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

Early Religion.

- 1 Happy is he, whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to ill.
- 2 Our youth, devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r when offer'd in the bud
Is no mean sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin
Are hardened in their crimes.
- 4 It saves us from a thousand fears
To mind religion young;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And renders virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our hearts we now resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy
Whilst we have life and breath
Thus we're prepared for longer
Or fit for early death.

A. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Lead us, Heavenly Father.

- 1 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard and guide us, keep and feed us;
For we have no help but thee:
Still possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this world before us:
Thou didst feel its keenest woe—
Lone and dreary—weak and weary,
'Through the desert thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy,
Love with kind affection blending;
Pleasure time can never cloy.
'Thus provided—pardon'd, guided,
Nothing shall our peace destroy.

295. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Children received by Christ.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

FOR CHILDREN

- 2 'Permit them to approach,' he cries,
 'Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came.'
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be!
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
 Ye children seek his face;
 And fly with transport to receive
 The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust;
 That care shall heal our bleeding heart
 If weeping o'er their dust.

296.

C. M.

ANONYM

To close a Sabbath School.

- 1 O thou, to whom the grateful soul
 Of prayer and praise is due;
 Hear, we intreat, our childish thank
 And grant thy blessing too,
 On those who have so kindly said
 Thy precepts to instil;
 Who strive to teach us how
 And do thy holy will.

- 2 On such, O Lord, thy me

Who in this world of woe,
Like fountains fresh, with waters fed,
Bear blessings as they flow.
May we, thus blest, yet humbly bow
To Thee, the source of Love;
And drawing nurture from below,
Breathe brightness from above.

297. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 'Twas God who made the stars, that light
The beautiful blue sky ;
He made the moon, so clear and bright,
That nightly rises high;
'Twas God supreme, the glorious One,
Who form'd them by his pow'r,
He made alike the brilliant sun,
And ev'ry leaf and flow'r.
- 2 He made your little feet to walk;
Your sparkling eyes to see;
Your busy, prattling tongue to talk:—
And limbs so light and free.
He paints each fragrant flow'r that blows,
With loveliness and bloom;
He gives the violet and the rose,
Their beauty and perfume.
- 3 Our various wants his hands supply.
With bounty every hour,

We're kept beneath his watchful eye,
And guarded by his power.
Then let your little hearts with love,
Their grateful homage pay,
To that kind friend, who from above
Protects us every day.

298. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 Though God preserves me every hour
And feeds me every day,
I feel it is not in my power,
His goodness to repay.
The youngest child, the greatest king,
Alike must humbly own,
No worthy off'ring they can bring,
To lay before his throne.
- 2 For we, and all we offer, too,
Are His, who rules above;
Then is there nothing I can do,
To prove my grateful love?
An humble heart he'll not despise,
For 'tis his chief delight;
This is a holy sacrifice,
Well pleasing to his sight.
- 3 The richest gifts before his throne,
Would no acceptance find;
But he will kindly deign to own
A meek and humble mind.

This is an off'ring we may bring,
 However mean our store,
 The youngest child, the greatest King,
 Can give him nothing more.

299. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Smile upon us from above,
 May we, each, thy peace possessing,
 Trust in thy paternal love.
- 2 Bless, O Lord! our fathers, mothers;
 Send our teachers light from heav'n;
 Bless our sisters, and our brothers;
 Let thy grace to each be giv'n.
- 3 Keep us through this night, from sorrow,
 Give us slumbers soft and sweet,
 Grant us health, that we to-morrow,
 All our friends may kindly greet.
- 4 Make us gentle, kind, and lowly;
 Teach us, Father, by thy word,
 How we may be good and holy,
 Like to Jesus Christ our Lord.

300. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 From all who dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise,
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

301, 302 FOR SABBATH

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise to set no more.

301.

8s & 7s M. *ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts thy love possessing,
May from sin be turned away.
- 2 Have we wandered? Oh! forgive us:
Have we wished from truth to rove,
Turn, oh! turn us, and receive us,
And incline us truth to love.

302.

S. M. ANON.

For the last Sabbath in the Year

- 1 The wind blows down the largest
And yet the wind I cannot see.
Playmates far off that have been
My thoughts oft bring before me.
- 2 The past by thought is present
And yet I cannot see my thought
The charming rose perfumes
Yet I can see no perfumes.
- 3 The gay birds' notes—how
clear!

As soft they fall upon my

GRACES.

list upon the air they float,
yet cannot see a note.

would do what is forbid,
ething in my heart I'm chid;
ood, that something praises me,
om fear am free.

ice is Conscience, whose alarms
ve me from a thousand harms,
her gentle guidance trust,
reposing with the just.

GRACES.

BEFORE MEAT.

L. M.

ent at our table, Lord;
ere and every where ador'd;
od, O bless, and grant that we
feast in Paradise with thee.

L. M.

nctify this food and bless,
our souls with righteousness:
ere our last, O may we eat,
our minds with heavenly meat:
ur hungry souls be fed
yself, th' everlasting bread.

GRACES.

S. M. D.

Father of earth and heaven,
Thy hungry children feed;
Thy grace be on our spirit given;
That true immortal bread:
Grant us and all our race,
In Jesus Christ to prove,
The sweetness of thy pardoning grace,
The manna of thy love.

AFTER MEAT.

L. M.

Thanks be given to thee, O Lord,
For this needful temporal food;
But spiritual bread on us bestow,
O fill our souls while here below.

L. M.

Lord fill our hearts with gratefulness,
For those mercies more or less:
The least is great beyond degree,
That thou bestowst on such as we.

7s & 6s.

Father through thy Son receive
Our grateful sacrifice;
All the wants of all that live
Thine open hand supplies,
Fills the world with plenteous food;
For the riches of thy grace,
Take thou, universal praise.





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